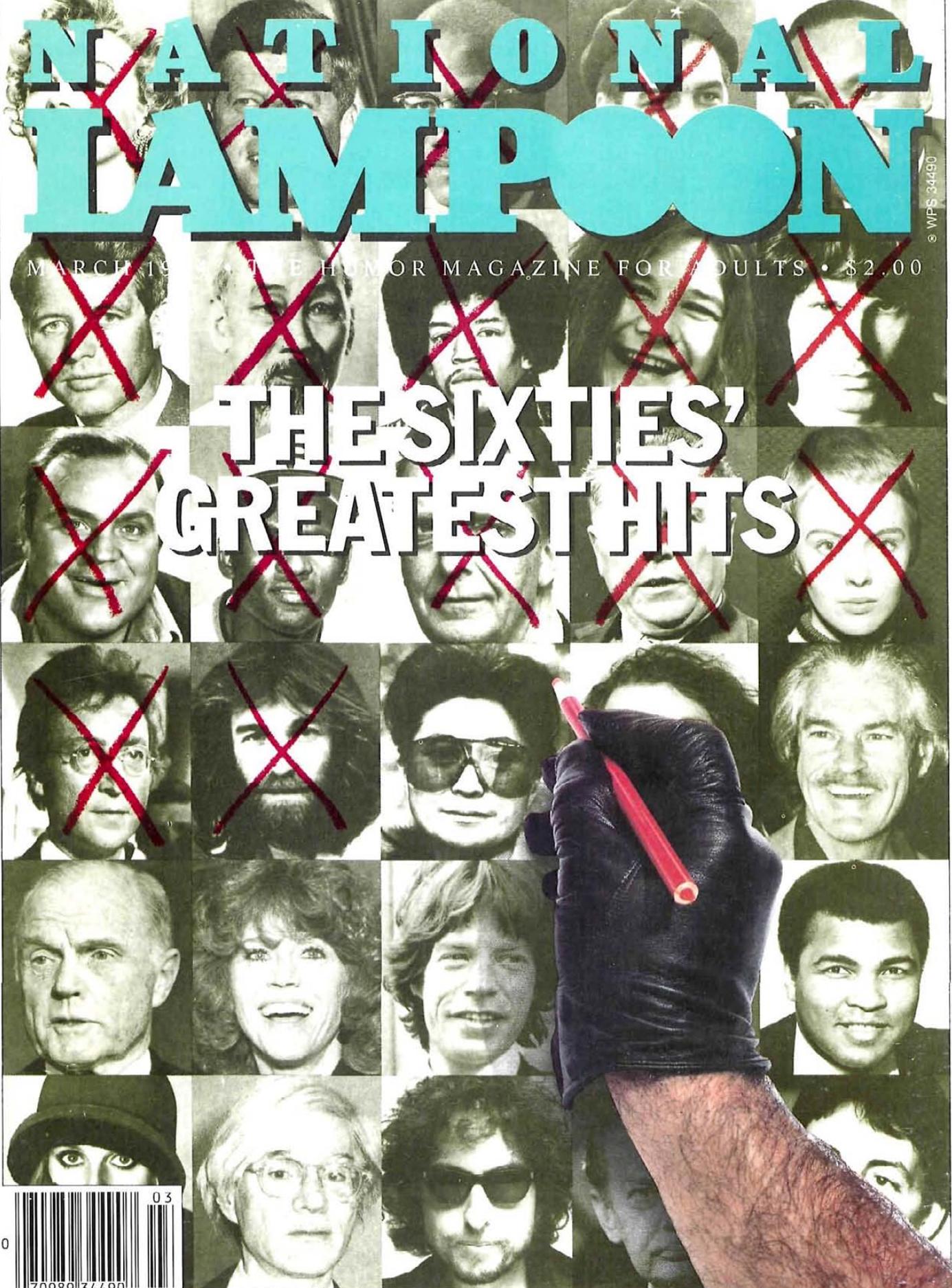


# NATIONAL LAMPOON

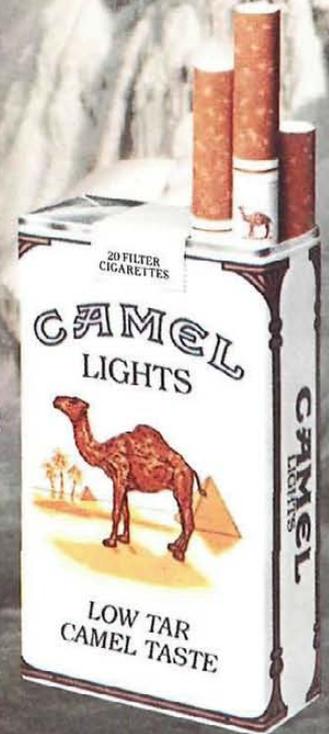
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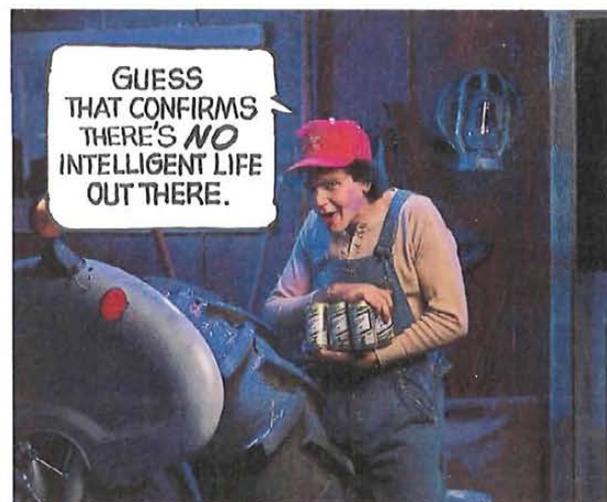
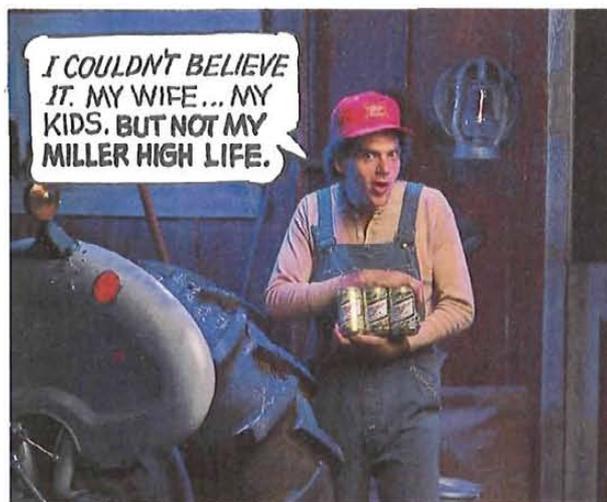
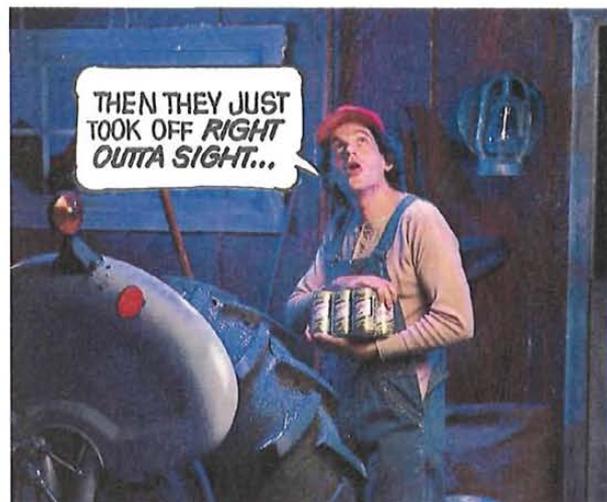
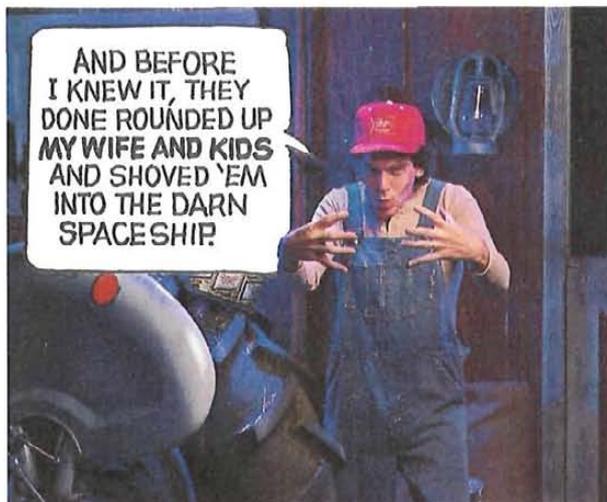
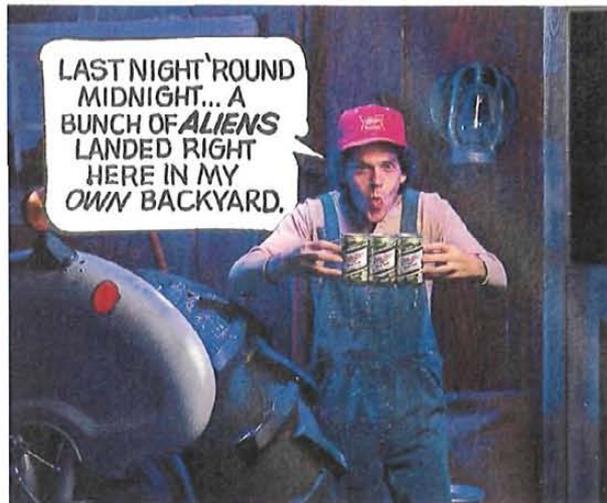
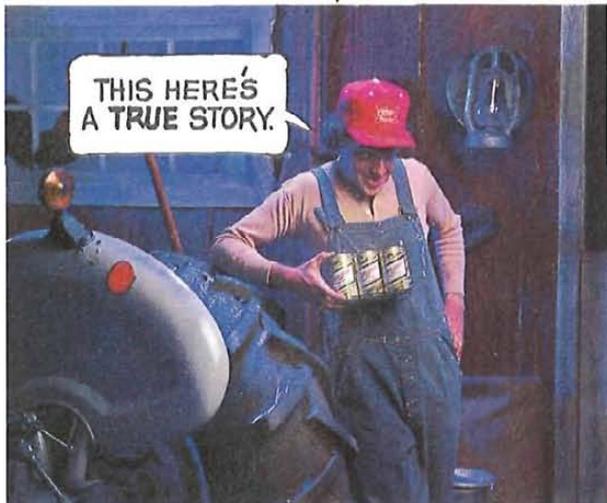
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By Kevin Curran

# Miller Brewhahaas



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# editorial

**A**LL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. ALL right. We were trying to be quiet about it, but I guess nothing is secret in this Pentagon Papers, Watergate, Richard Gere/Michael Jackson-sex-tapes kind of world. For months the publishing community has been abuzz over rumors that *National Lampoon* was contemplating a "repositioning," a new look and direction that would be a radical departure from the stuffy, staid journal that the world seems to have passed by.

We've received many, many suggestions for changes in the magazine, from our friends in the publishing world, from our faithful readers, even from within the ranks of *National Lampoon, Inc.* Some say we should publish a fake issue of *Time* every month; others (including our alleged art director) swear that comics, nothing but comics, is the key to success. Well, we *are* going to be making changes, with the results appearing in our June issue. But in the meantime, I'd like to share with you a few of the suggestions we've received for making *NatLamp* the best damned magazine in the entire world.

From a Mr. Curt Pesmen, who says he works at *Esquire*: "Politics, sociology, and satire: out. Lifestyles: way, way in. Your magazine has to be as

useful as it is shiny. I'm talking service articles, like 'Posturenetics in the Job Interview: How Your Chair Can Help You Exude Confidence.' Hell, you can get Jerry Rubin to pose for that one. Or how about 'Ten Great Dinners You Can Cook in Your Car After Work'? Then there's this pet idea of mine which I can't seem to sell here: 'The Upwardly Mobile Pooch: Your Dog's Sweater Says a Lot About You.' Say, what do you guys pay for a feature article, anyway?"

From our *NL* internal-memos box, situated between the mailroom and the Coke machine: "Special sections. Must have special sections. Sections on birthday gifts, Christmas gifts, wedding gifts, anniversary gifts. Antique gifts, electronic gifts, gifts for men, gifts for women, gifts for Boy George, gifts for inanimate objects, gifts for gifts. Have them or I will kill the editors one by one."

From Deb of the Year and devoted reader Cornelia Guest: "Fashion! Travel! Decorating! Parties! Guides to the great gigolos of Europe! Oh, silly me, I dropped the mirror again!"

Well. Food for thought, *n'est-ce pas?* And while we haven't made any final decisions yet, rest assured that we'll incorporate as many of these ideas as possible while retaining as much of the "old" *NatLamp* as we can. Right now it looks as if we'll at least be able to save

"Aunt Mary's Kitchen" and the contributors' box from "Time of the Month"—but I'm getting ahead of myself. Just let me say here that the new, new *National Lampoon* will quickly make you forget the tired old topics we used to beat to death, like the survival of the planet and the obscene behavior of our so-called leaders. That's bad news, bumper stuff. Shoo!

Anyway, gotta run—Mr. Mailman just delivered a big fat package from the Trilateral Commission. I'll just leave you with a quote from a good friend and a man who may well be our next editor-in-chief, Red Buttons: "Strange things are happening!!!"

See you on the newsstand! —G.E.

**Cover:** I can hear you now: "Oh, my God, that's terrible!... Who's responsible for this?!" Well, let's see.... Monroe: JFK. JFK: LBJ. Malcolm: Hoover. Che: Fidel. King: Hoover. Bobby: HHH. Ho: Mao. Hendrix: Clapton. Joplin: Slick. Morrison: Jagger. Blocker: Landon. Roberto: Reggie. Huntley: Cronkite. Hoffa: Donovan. Seberg: Hoover. John: Yoko. Wilson: Watt. Yoko: Sean. Tiny Ti... Excuse me? Who's responsible for the cover? Sorry. **AP/Wide World** supplied the head shots, and matinee idol **James Wojcik** gave us a hand, as it were. —M.G.

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LETTERS  
3/8

**S**IRS: I CALL THAT NUMBER IN *High Society* that makes the girls in the photo spread come alive, right? So it rings a couple times and then it says, "Hello?" Would you believe that? I says, "Hello yourself, baby, let's have some action." And then the voice says, "What? Who is this? What do you want?" I can't believe what I'm hearing. This is supposed to get you horny? So I says, "Come on, baby, let's get it on." Then this deep voice comes over the phone asking who the hell this is. I'm lookin' all over the photo spread for a guy but all I see is two chicks pointing their tongues at each other. I figure one of the chicks has a naturally husky voice or something, I don't know. Then I figure maybe they're a little nervous about performing over the phone and need some coaxing. So I start givin' 'em instructions. I say, "Okay, girls, just do what I say and everything will be fine. Blondie, tell your girlfriend you're gonna work her over with your tongue. Curly, you moan a lot and say how good it feels." That's when the chick with the Lou Rawls voice started cursing me out and the other broad told me I was very sick in the head and hung up. *I'm sick in the head!?* Those dykes belong in a nuthouse, not a photo spread. Sheesh!

Mack Jones  
Hoboken, N.J.

Sirs:

Are you an insult comedian under the age of twenty-five who's planning a trip to Europe this summer? Why not stay at a Youth Hostile? You'll be berthed with other young people like yourself, all of whom hope to become the next Don Rickles.

Fred Brench  
Youth Hostiles, Inc.

Sirs:

What's the most effective hallucinogen in the world? Thalidomide. You take it once, have a kid, and for the rest of its life you *think* you're tripping.

Suzce Alomar  
Bozeman, Mont.

Sirs:

I like to keep my children in a constant state of hyperactivity, so I make sure they get their fill of Twinkies, Kool-Aid, and sugarcoated cereals every day. It's good to know that they get plenty of exercise from the uncontrollable bursts of energy and sudden mood shifts that this diet induces. And when I clip them on the side of the head in the supermarket, no one gives me dirty looks, because they're just glad someone's made them shut up.

Debbie Berger  
A mobile home,  
somewhere in Georgia

Sirs:

It's as if nobody ever heard of the Barkley Twins and the Golden Age of Floor Wax out here. I talk and I talk until I'm blue in the face, but they'd still rather sell flowers on the street.

Old-Time Floor-Wax Guy  
Stuck with the Moonies

Sirs:

"Nothing is sure but death and taxes." Now, isn't it time we updated that old saw? I mean, if death is sure, then birth is sure, too. Once you've got

birth, I think you can postulate that sex preceded it. Also, if taxes are sure, it stands to reason that a taxable income—ergo, some kind of job—must have existed during the taxation year, unless I'm mistaken. So why not say, "Nothing is sure but sex and gainful employment"? We believe in looking on the bright side.

A Press Agent  
The White House

Sirs:

I enjoyed *Das Boot*, but only because it gave me a deeper appreciation for the cinematography and acting of "McHale's Navy." I guess you could call me that *Cosmo* kind of brain.

Brain  
Pan of Fluid, Lab.

Sirs:

If you have six chimpanzees typing for an infinite length of time, eventually one of them will type a letter to the *National Lampoon*, and this is it, even though I've only been typing for about fifteen minutes. I guess I just got lucky.

Cheetah  
Cornell Medical Center

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)



"Don't take it so hard, Billy. I'm sure even professional ball players sometimes shit their pants when they're sliding into second."

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Hello?

*Moishe?*

Yes?

*It's me. Yetta.*

Yes?

*We met last week. At the Cohens' bar mitzvah. You were tweaking my nipples.*

An old Brazilian custom. Like shaking hands.

*Brazilian shmazilian! You couldn't keep your hands off my nipples. How goyish of you!*

Actually, it's a little move I picked up from the Talmud.

*I'd like to shtup you.*

I, too.

*I have a bottle of cheap kosher wine, some soggy potato latkes, and I live with my senile mother, who is almost blind. Would you like to come over?*

For such a tasteful invitation, I will trim my *payess*, wash the pickled-herring stain from my coat, and take some Paco Rabinowitz, which is a most tasteful cologne, and I will tastefully place it here and there on my big, throbbing *shvantz*, after which, my dear Yenta...

*The name is Yetta. And if you hurry, I'll let you tickle my knish.*



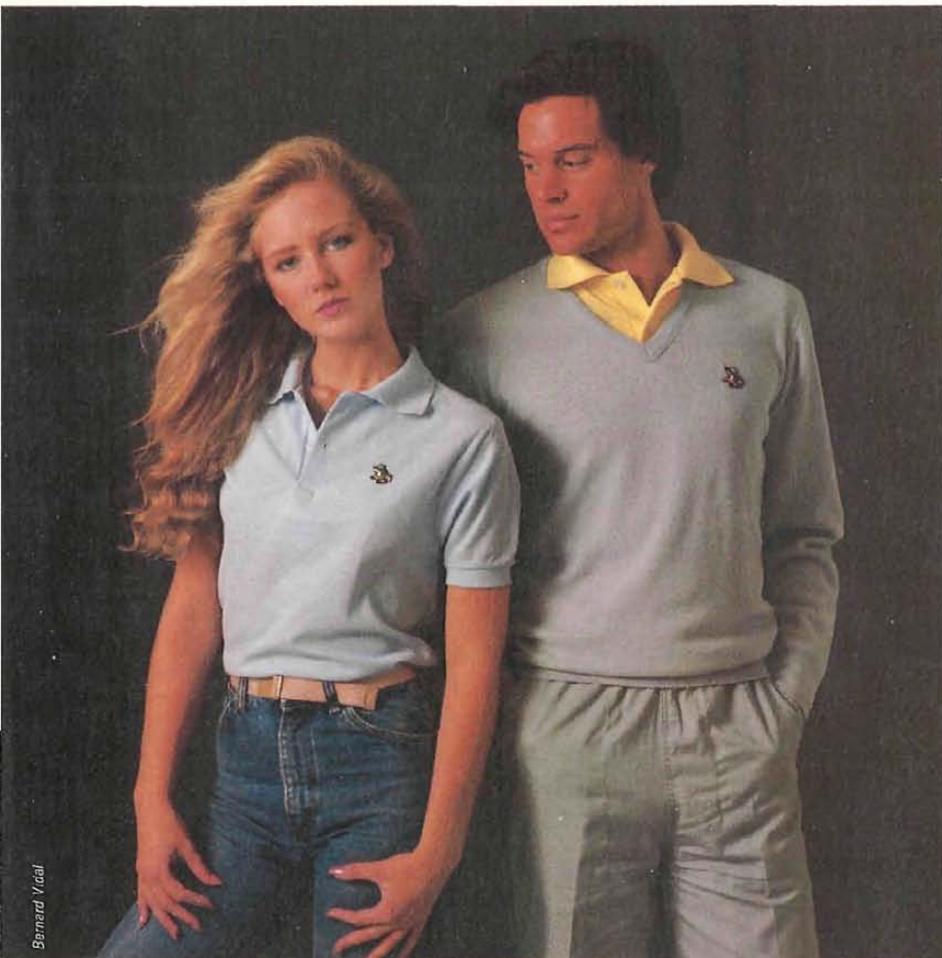
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Now I'm no Ernie Hemingway or anything, but I can put crayon to paper when I want to.

## Ronald Reagan, Pen Pal

TRANSCRIBED BY LEE FRANK

**M**UMMY SAYS THAT SOMEDAY I'm going to have to write a book about all the things that happened while I was president, so I figured that I might bone up on my grammar and punctuation and on how to get things down on paper, and that a darn good way of doing it was to have a pen pal. Mummy probably wouldn't like it if she knew I was writing to a national magazine, because she thinks I should just keep my mouth shut unless somebody has handed me a paper from which to read. I suppose the fact is that by reading the words somebody else chooses for me I keep some fella in a job, but as I tell Mummy, how come I'm the one who goes on the boob tube and everybody thinks I'm a heck of a

speechifier? Mummy says that I shouldn't use words like "heck" and that the only reason my television speeches are such a big hit is that companies like Grecian Formula and Porcelana are willing to pay a fortune for commercial advertisements. But I say:

"Well, Mummy, if you don't think I'm so good at choosing my words, then maybe you don't think I was so good at choosing my words when I asked you to be my wife."

"Maybe you were better at choosing your words the first time around when you asked Jane Wyman to be your wife."

"Well," I say, "Jane Wyman may have been the first, but you're the one that lasted all these years."

"That may be so," she will tell me, "but there isn't another woman who'd

have put up with you for so long."

"Well, Mummy, I'll say whatever I want to," I tell her. "After all, I am the president."

"You weren't always the president," she will say, "and you won't be the president forever, either."

If that gal doesn't take the cake, I don't know who does.

But just the same, you have to watch out for Mummy. Which is why I prefer it if she doesn't know about you being my pen pal. I chose the *National Lampoon* to be my pen pal after I got driven to the magazine stand in the 7-Eleven by a Secret Service fella. This Secret Service fella's name is Kevin H. Doolin and his father is a Shriner in Chicago. The boy is a very good driver and he used to be in the Marines, where he says he used to have a drug problem of one kind or another. I told this Kevin H. Doolin that the Shriners can always use a good driver and he is a darn lucky kid to have a father who is a member because that's the way organizations like that operate.

I told this boy that the Lions Club was after me when I was his age but that was because I used to be a sports broadcaster at a radio station. I gave him a brief sample of how I delivered the sports where I yak real fast, and Kevin H. Doolin liked it immensely. There were two more Secret Service fellas in a limo in front of us and in a limo behind us, too. But I don't know the names of the fellas in those cars because they were new on the job and I never saw them before. I'll bet they would have liked to hear a sample of my sports broadcasting, though.

Well, there was more magazines on the magazine rack at the 7-Eleven than you could shake a stick at. But I looked through them all, each and every one, so that I could choose the best forum in which to express myself. I noticed that all the magazines that haven't got a lot of pictures in them have all kinds of articles talking about me behind my back. Who in tarnation do they think they are! And I noticed that all of the magazines that *do* have a lot of pictures in them are filled with women in their birthday suits positioned in ways that make you wonder why their insides don't fall out. The *National Lampoon* was the only magazine amongst the bunch that had comics from cover to back, which to my way of thinking is downright American. That's why I decided upon your particular magazine to be my pen pal.

Now, two dollars is a pretty steep price for a magazine, so I figured that maybe the darky behind the counter saw the fancy limos coming and upped

the price tags on a few items. I asked this fella what about it and whether this was some kind of put-up job, but then one of the Secret Service fellas offered to pay for it out of his own pocket. That's one of the advantages of being president of the United States. These Secret Service fellas will scrape the dog turd off your shoes if you just hint at it right. They like to do it. That's their job. They also pay for all the gasoline for the limos and I never have to plunk down for a thing, not even for tolls.

Well, somewhere in my office I found several sheets of paper on which to express myself to you, and I wished I had as much luck finding a ballpoint pen with which to write. I looked everywhere—on the floor, underneath the chair cushions. Finally, Mummy comes into the Oval Office and asks me what it is that I am doing. Well, I'm not too sure whether or not I want her to know that I'm looking for a ballpoint, since she might put two and two together and catch on to my having this pen pal, so I just dummy up a bit and strategize my next move. Only Mummy says that as usual I can't remember what it is I am doing! So I say:

"Mummy, I know exactly what I am doing."

"Daddy, you haven't a clue," she says.

Well, I guess the plain fact is neither Mummy or I would be invited to a Mensa meeting, so I fessed up that I was looking for a ballpoint. Just in order to prove my gears were working as fast as ever, see? Dr. Loyal Davis, now, his gears were working right up to

the day he passed on. That's Mummy's real daddy. Unlike me, actually her husband, whom she calls "Daddy." Now, I know it's complicated. I suppose that some Jewish psychiatrist could have a field day with some Oedipus business, but they'd just be talking through their hat. Dr. Loyal Davis was like a grandfather to me.

He was a surgeon and a very well-to-do man in the Chicago area. Used to charge \$12,000 to remove a tumor. He had a firm handshake, and he called me by my first name a lot, which is what I have noticed that a great many Shriners do. Dr. Loyal Davis was not only a Shriner but in his day he was the youngest fella ever to become a Shriner. He said if I ever get to Chicago, he would personally arrange for me to give a speech to the Chicago Shriners. So I say to Mummy:

"Well, Mummy, do you think that if your real daddy hadn't died, I would have given a speech to the Chicago Shriners?"

"Is that what you want your ballpoint pen for? Good gracious, Daddy! Did you look in the leatherette pen holder on your desk?"

Sure enough, there was what appeared to be a ballpoint sticking out of the holder but which I discovered was a Crayola crayon upon closer examination. I showed it to Mummy. She says:

"You know the doctor said you can't have any sharp objects around. Those were his strict orders."

Well, I could have told Mummy what I thought about the doctor's cock-

amamic orders, but I had decency enough to hold my tongue. Besides, I now had a writing implement with which to write my pen-pal letter, and Mummy didn't have a notion about it. She thought I wanted to write a speech for the Shriners in Chicago. And someday I will.

Just then the telephone rang and Mummy picked it up. I could tell by her tone of voice that it was Cap Weinberger gabbing at the other end. But it was now rather a late hour, 7:25 P.M., and Mummy and I like to watch Kermit's monologue. So Mummy told Cap Weinberger that I was not in.

Cap Weinberger was always saying stuff like "If George Bush was so great, he wouldn't be married to such a dog." Or: "Henry Kissinger's breath smells like tuna fish," which is true. But Mummy says that Cap Weinberger knows better than to call so late anyhow, and that he sounded like he had been drinking. So she says to me:

"Cap Weinberger is such a pesky nuisance, I cannot fathom why you gave him a job."

"Secretary of defense isn't much of a job," I say. I know Mummy doesn't like Cap Weinberger because of the off-color jokes he does with a hand puppet, but he means no harm. I once saw him give a very witty talk at a Shriners meeting to which he invited me. So Mummy says to me:

"I saw you two boys having a few snorts before your Cabinet meeting."

"I never once had a single drop, my dear," I say. "Besides, it was only to be sociable."

"Well," says Mummy, "maybe you think it was sociable when Cap Weinberger went regurgitating all over Mr. Trudeau of Canada?"

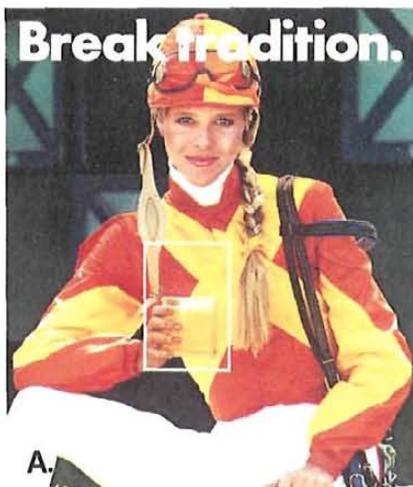
We both had a hearty laugh when Mummy impersonated this hoity-toity Canadian guy, Mr. Trudeau. If that gal doesn't take the cake, I don't know who does.

Well, now I had the paper and crayon that I needed in order to write this pen-pal letter, but I still needed a postage stamp to paste onto the envelope, should I be able to get hold of an envelope too. I looked everywhere for a postage stamp—on the floor, underneath the chair cushions. But I could not find a single one. I asked the secretary if she had a stamp from out of her desk that she could lend me, only she says that she uses a postage meter machine. When I was her age, we used to lick postage stamps with our tongue. Everyone did that. Womenfolks, too.

So this secretary says I could give her a letter if I want one mailed and she would run it through her postage meter



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#### OFFICIAL RULES

1. To enter, complete the official entry form or write on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper, matching the correct drink numbers and names to each one of the drinks shown above in the "Break Tradition" photographs.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by May 31, 1984 to be eligible. Winning entries must correctly match the drink featured in each photograph. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of all entries received by Siebel/Mohr, an independent judging organization whose decision is final. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of prize winners.

3. The Grand Prize winner will receive a 15-day African Photo Safari for two to Kenya, including airfare, hotel accommodations, meals and escorted tours along with \$2,000 worth of Canon photographic equipment plus \$1,500 in spending money. 1,000 First Prize winners will receive a Disc Camera, 2,000 Second Prize winners will receive a Ronrico Rum

T-shirt, 3,000 Third Prize winners will receive a Ronrico Rum sun visor.

4. Prize winners must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning are determined by the number of entries received. All prizes, valued at approximately \$39,000, will be awarded.

5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii and Alaska. Employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Ohio and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All Federal, State and Local laws apply. Prize winners are required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release, including publicity rights to use pictures of winners without compensation.

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gizmo. Sure she would. What malarkey! It so happens that I know she was the chatterbox who told Mummy about Cap Weinberger's joke which he based on her. After that, Mummy gave me the cold shoulder for one week. This secretary's in cahoots with Mummy, so she'd probably just hand over to Mummy my pen-pal letter. So I decided that I would go to the post office the next day and purchase a postage stamp on my own, thank you.

Only, I figured that they would probably miss one of the limos if I just took it, and anyway my driver's license expired some years previously, so I decided to travel to the post office upon foot. Now the post office isn't exactly a stone's throw away, and I got to thinking about all that gallivanting when it happened I struck upon an idea. I remembered the motorized wheelchair Mummy bought me for Christmas. This was the very means I could make use of to drive to the post office in order to purchase a postage stamp. I could probably buy an envelope there, too.

This particular wheelchair has two 12-volt battery packs and a 15-horsepower motor that could quite possibly outdistance a Studebaker in city traffic. The motor has a four-inch drive shaft, six individual gear wheels, and it's all sealed up in a plastic housing, good in rain or shine. That's what it says right on it: "Good in rain or shine." The vehicle is very well constructed and manufactured by a hospital-supply company in Chicago, I believe. I took

along my expired driver's license just in case, which I keep in my wallet. I didn't know how much money stamps and envelopes were up to, so I brought a dime, a nickel, and eight pennies, since I didn't want to break a quarter.

Despite the fact that I had not used the electric wheelchair in quite some time, the motor started right up, good in rain or shine. I took the private elevator down to the basement, only the doors opened at the second floor, even though I am quite positive that I pressed the button for the basement. Well, there was a gang of tourists standing around all wide-eyed like gaping simians, as though they had never seen a grown man in a motorized wheelchair before.

I pressed the button for the basement, where I got the wheelchair going, and sneaked it out of the driveway and got mobile on Pennsylvania Avenue at 4:10 P.M. Then I turned onto Connecticut Avenue, which was festooned with crosstown traffic, so I did not arrive at Fifteenth Street Northwest until 4:31 P.M., even though it was such a short distance. It was pretty windy going in the chair, but she hugged the road as good as any limo. There's a 12-volt electric motor on this chair, good in rain or shine.

Well, I drove past the U.S. Mint and then the Burger King, which I was surprised to see as I did not remember these being along the route. I turned onto what I believed to be Vermont Avenue at 4:48 P.M. Only it wasn't Ver-

mont Avenue at all! For the love of Pete, some young hooligan must have switched around the signs. Suddenly I found myself on the thruway.

There were a couple of nitwits behind me, in Buicks I believe, and they were all honking their horns in a grand ruckus. So I gave my wheelchair the juice, and I merged into the center lane. Some folks don't like driving on the thruway. But I don't mind it. I tooted past the junction of I-91 at 6:00 P.M. on the dot. I knew that it was 6:00 P.M. on the dot because there was a clock on a dry cleaner's which was behind a sign which said "Junction I-91." The clock said it was 5:46 and I knew it was after that so I checked my watch, which jumped to 6:00 the very moment I looked at it.

It's a quartz watch, accurate to within fifteen seconds a year. Mummy bought it for me years ago, when they first came out. Now everybody has one. They put quartz watches in missiles in order to trigger them, which is something not too many people are supposed to know. When Mummy told me that I said, "Well, that's one way to construct an alarm clock, but I prefer the little bell we have on ours." Mummy saw the point straightaway and we both laughed like schoolchildren.

Anyhow, it was 6:08 P.M. when I began to realize that the wheelchair was losing acceleration. I probably ought to have topped the batteries off before I left, despite the fact that there were two battery packs which quite possibly had leaks in them, so it wouldn't have mattered one way or another if I had topped them off anyway. So with the modicum of power I had left, I nudged the wheelchair over to the shoulder of the thruway and coasted to a stop beneath a street lamp. Here I began at last to write these thoughts down on paper for this particular pen-pal letter.

That is, providing I can still somehow get hold of a postage stamp. And an envelope. Also, I don't yet have any means to smuggle the letter out of the White House. I would ask Bill Casey, the director of the CIA, to do it, but he's such a doddering old ninny, he'd just muck things up. I don't fathom how he can run the CIA with him having to stop every twenty minutes to brag about his boy who is a chiroprapist and a Shriner in Chicago. Jim Casey or Pete Casey or something. I suppose I could take the elevator down to the second floor and hand this pen-pal letter to a tourist. Maybe they'd have an envelope, too.

Well, here come the helicopters and I'll bet Mummy's in one of them, so I guess I better go. ■



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## ***Crisis Solved: CBC, NHL to Merge***

BY BOB POMERANTZ & HERSH FORMAN

**T**HE GOVERNMENT-OWNED and -operated Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) has progressed beyond its traditional identity crisis to a full-fledged anxiety attack. The only thing stemming a complete corporate nervous breakdown is the consolation that several hundred families (mostly Chilean refugees studying for their citizenship exams) are still watching CBC. Everybody else is signing up for pay TV or installing satellite dishes in their condo courtyards to seek kicks from a cornucopia of alternative video.

Who can blame them? Even the most patriotic Canadian won't watch a two-years-in-the-making CBC wildlife documentary on the beaver when Shannon Tweed is showing hers on the

new Playboy Channel. No matter how many well-intentioned tax dollars we plow into the ailing national network, the "Ceeb" won't regain its rightful audience share—drawing the viewers away from the uncut American movies with their swear words and everything—until it starts broadcasting a competitive product. Without a game plan, a radical, new, distinct broadcasting format, the CBC is doomed. (Cranking out shameless rip-offs of L.A. sitcoms and sending camera crews down to the islands to film Harry Belafonte waxing mulatto about banana trees is hardly the solution. And hardly Canadian.)

The CBC must figure out what it does best, and do more of it. In short, specialize. In hockey.

Hockey is Canada's national obsession. The Saturday-evening "Hockey

Night in Canada" program is a huge ratings success, even up against stiff American competition like "The Love Boat." So why not turn the CBC into a total-hockey network and make every night a hockey night in Canada?

Not, of course, by expanding the already hopelessly watered-down National Hockey League and broadcasting more of its boring games (and do we really want to watch our toothless teenage boys playing brown-skinned pineapple suckers from the new Honolulu franchise? No fuckin' way, eh!).

No, the All-Hockey Network needs to diversify—with hockey sitcoms, hockey dramas, hockey quiz shows, hockey documentaries... We can lard them with NHL personalities, toss in a few CBC sports announcer veterans for laughs...

We're bouncing the idea off CBC president and dinosaur Pierre Juneau. We think he'll love it, and decide to go with a total-hockey network by May 1. So, goodbye, Tommy Hunter; hello...

**Little Rink on the Prairie.** *Drama.* (One hour; weekly.) The National Hockey League's amazing Sutter brothers—Brent, Brian, Duane, Darryl, and identical twins Rich and Ron—play themselves in this sensitive, family-oriented series based on the growing-up years of the fabulous stick-

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handling siblings from Viking, Alberta (pop. 1,200).

Co-starring older brother Gary as a weak-ankled twit, the show features parents Grace and Louis Sutter, two rough-and-ready pioneers who mortgaged the farm and themselves ate only rapeseed for years so that the boys could have skates and a career ticket to civilization.

On the season premiere, an overzealous Pa Sutter floods the backyard and washes away the winter wheat crop; Rich and Ron face off against Siamese-twin wingers, and brother Gary is put up for adoption after showing signs of human intelligence.

"The Sutters are the archetypal small-town Canadian family," says Gordie Howe, "LitRink"'s executive producer. "Getting into the league means everything to them, and if a boy has neither the talent nor the inclination, he might as well put on go-go boots and take it up the ass."

### Battle of the Network Zambonis.

*Sports specials.* (Four a year.) Join Howie Mecker rinkside on the beautiful campus of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon for this quarterly ice extravaganza which tests the mettle of NHL Zamboni drivers and their monster machines.

In the Grand Prix event, crash-helmeted contestants will put souped-up custom "zams" through their paces, leaping over snow piles, dodging rink refuse, and passing water at breakneck speeds.

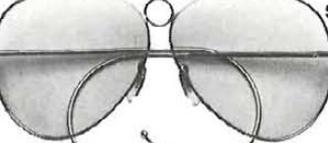
Then acceleration gives way to elegance as the Zambonis sashay onto the ice for the Toller Cranston freestyle event. Here, white-gloved drivers execute figure eights, flying camels, and slow-motion fellatio to the strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

"Golly gee! I think the lad in the red zam is going to shoot his wad!" Meeker is bound to exclaim. "Blow the man! Blow the man!!"

Elimination rounds lead up to the final electrifying showdown, when David Berkowitz will be on hand to present the winner with the coveted Son of Zam Award. Be there.

**Shinny Clinic.** *Light entertainment.* (Half hour; weekly.) When the winger gets clipped, the center goes schizo, and the goalie gets gunk, it's off with them to Shinny Clinic, where hilarity heals hockey's hurts.

Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster star in this mish-M\*A\*S\*H of a medical comedy as stand-up orthopedic surgeons Mel Practice and B. J. Bloodycut, who keep the NHL's injured stars in

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| <p><b>6</b> Only \$14.95</p>  <p><b>Change A Matic Flight Glasses</b><br/>Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p> | <p><b>12</b> Only \$14.95</p>  <p><b>The Sportsman</b><br/>Sports graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p>   |

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stitches. Howie Mandel, Genevieve Bujold, and Lorne Greene flesh out the tipsy trauma team as oral surgeon Gums Worsley, physiotherapist Yvonne LaDouche, and fatherly psychiatrist Sidney "Slump" Cartwright.

Every week, the men and women of Shiny Clinic confront an injury list as bizarre as a Tim Horton séance—like the impotent homosexual coach who is advised by Cartwright to "pull the goalie," or the toothless defenseman who asks Worsley for uppers and is given a prescription for amphetamines. And Mamzelle LaDouche always has her hands full icing those swollen groins.

Mel and B.J. preside over the funniest OR this side of the red line:

"Hey, B.J., hand me the scalpel so I can take the face-off."

"The face-off?"

"Yah, this guy's got a bad case of puck-in-mouth disease."

"Looks more to me like chicken pucks, Mel."

"Hey! Two minutes for high shticking, Beej."

Yes, at Shiny Clinic, the yucks always go into overtime.

**The Wives of the Hartford Whalers.** *Adult drama.* (Half hour; weekdays.) When the weather in New England gets cold, the wives of the Hartford Whalers get hot. But their husbands are away a lot, so Swoozie (Margot Kidder), Trish (Margaret Trudeau), and Prissy (Barbara Frum) must look elsewhere for companionship.

Their quest for kicks is fraught with danger, intrigue, and angst, making for a gripping episodic drama (the CBC *doesn't do soap operas*).

Will Trish descend to the depths of depravity and keep her date with two Eskimo dwarfs and their sled dog Scout? Will Swoozie seek her revenge at the Smelly Clam Lounge after learning that her husband, Serge, is harpooning his Whaler teammate Guy? Will obscene phone caller "Moby Dick" (in reality, Scout) reveal his true identity to Prissy? Will Prissy do it doggie-style? Tune in.

**The Game of Our Lives.** *Magazine.* (One hour; weekly.) Dr. David Suzuki hosts this current-affairs program, which salutes the extraordinary men

and women who make and service equipment for the NHL.

"All of these people are celebrities in their own right," says Suzuki, an arrogant Oriental and former pedantic host of the unwatched and unwatchable science show, "The Nature of Things." "They tirelessly devote their lives to Canada's *raison d'être*, yet, until now, have remained wolf shit in the eyes of their neighbors. That's all going to change."

Suzuki and the "Game of Our Lives" traveling van have scoured the Dominion in pursuit of hockey's unsung heroes. Meet Zeke "Slowhand" Czesnik of Pusslynch, Ontario, who does nothing but polish the Stanley Cup. Visit a puck-stamping factory in Scratch-My-Ass, Saskatchewan, where chief cretin Wally Dancluk and other trained professionals inspect the rubber doughnuts, then subject them to mind-blowing quality-control tests. Encounter Edith Crabbe of Fanbelt, Manitoba, the nation's foremost net mender. And travel deep within British Columbia's hinterland, where plucky lumberjacks harvest anorexic redwood trees and carve them into those functional sculptures known as hockey sticks!

Suzuki logs the kilometers so you can get the inside track on... "The Game of Our Lives."

**Lanny McJunkins, Time Traveler.** *Adventure.* (Half hour; weekly.) Canadian scientists in Nukewaste, Ontario, have invented a time machine, and now they need a human guinea pig to test it.

Enter Lanny McJunkins, fair-haired superstar center for the Edmonton Oilers. When Lanny learns he has an incurable disease and only thirteen weeks to live, he quits the league and volunteers for this dangerous project.

Wayne Gretzky is Lanny McJunkins, Time Traveler, the man whom scientists hurled back in time, but can't retrieve. Every week, Lanny appears at the scene of a historical disaster and tries to avert it.

In the premiere episode, McJunkins lands on the deck of the S.S. *Titanic* and attempts to convince the captain to "deke" the iceberg. Other segments will see McJunkins bodychecking Indians at Custer's Last Stand, trying to prevent President Lincoln's assassination by elbowing John Wilkes Booth, and firing pucks at Roman soldiers who are about to crucify Jesus Christ.

Each episode co-stars the versatile Canadian character actor Donald Sutherland as Abe Lincoln, Custer, Christ, the iceberg, and other famous dead people. ■



"But if you do have asbestosis, you'll be glad to know that your lungs can never catch on fire."

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:

Do you know how to drive fast-food people crazy? Order a grape soda and demand that the grapes are fresh. Tell them you won't drink it unless the grapes are completely and absolutely fresh. Then pull all the napkins out of the napkin holder, stuff them under your shirt, and yell "Me Me Me Me Me Me Me." It drives fast-food people crazy.

Howard Sundberg  
Montpelier, Vt.

Sirs:

I played a bunch of the Osmonds' records backwards and they told me to be nice to my little sister. My question: Is this in any way funny?

Joke Merchant  
Chuckles, Nebr.

Sirs:

I just had the wildest experience! Every Tuesday I go down to the Laundromat, throw in my clothes, and come back later to dry them. Well, the last few weeks I've noticed when I come home from the Laundromat that one or two of my underthings were missing. I thought someone was stealing them! So last Tuesday, I threw my clothes in a washer, then hid behind a large potted plant in the corner. After a few minutes, this guy comes over to my clothes, looks around (to make sure nobody's watching, I bet), then opens my washer and starts pulling out my favorite frilly panties and smelling them! I rushed right over and said, "You can't do that!" And he dropped the panties and it was Fred Silverman! I told him how great I thought he was, and he was so nice—he asked me if I'd host a talk show for him!

Boy, what a wild way to be discovered!

Honey Tippley  
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

I want to take this opportunity to thank *National Lampoon* for the taste and restraint it showed in electing not to make light of the Korean Airlines tragedy. What!? OH, MY GOD!! It was RONALD McDONALD who was on the doomed flight, not Larry McDonald!!? I bet he screamed, "We can't go to McDonald's now, we're all going to die!" Have his floppy clown shoes washed up on the beach yet?

Bill Buoy  
Concord, Maine

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

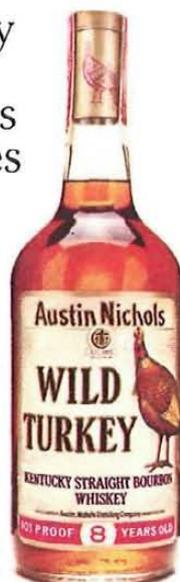


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Exclusive! An excerpt from a new work by the author of *The Curse of the Yoyo*.

# ***Fear and Loathing on the Nursery School Trail***

BY MAT JACOBS

**I** WAS JANGLED OUT OF MY SLEEP by the sound of the telephone ringing. I tried to ignore it. A long, hot summer of continuous horror-film watching and high-speed sugar ingestion had left me physically racked and vulnerable to the slightest attack. The mere mention of responsibility or summer's end gave rise to uncontrollable spasms and a baroque brain paralysis that turned me into a scratching, weeping specimen that even a leper would pity.

The phone persisted. I grabbed for it blindly, upsetting my night light and causing the eerie white beam to fall into my younger brother's lower bunk. It came to rest next to his head, illuminating his skull like a strange jack-o'-lantern. I finally located the telephone receiver and held it to my ear.

My attorney was on the other end, yelling loudly.

"Hunter, is that you? Jesus, don't you know what time it is?"

"Time?" I tried to talk, but a spiral of yellow phlegm clung to my windpipe like a leech.

"It's seven in the morning, for crissakes. We've got less than an hour before school."

"School!" Mother of Babbling God, I had forgotten completely about school. My head cleared like a high-voltage jolt coursing through my rubber wee-wee sheets. It was 7:00 A.M. Monday morning, the first day of school, and I didn't even have a loose-leaf organizer. My attorney was still talking, rattling on at a frantic pace.

"Meet me in front of Hymie's Candy and Cigarettes in fifteen minutes. We

still have time to organize an effective game plan."

I told him I'd be there and hung up. I slowly slipped off the upper bunk, taking pains not to step into Davison's open mouth, and switched on the lights. It looked like rabid wolverines had stampeded through our room while we slept. Chairs and tables were overturned, and the television, still blaring from the night before, had a viscous brown streak of hardened liquid streaked across the screen, giving Mushmouse and Pumpkin Puss the distorted appearance of a hydra-headed wildebeest.

I loped across the garbage-strewn carpet, avoiding jagged objects, picked up Burl Ives's "Blue Tail Fly," and plunked it down on my trusty "Groove Tunes" plastic record player. I cranked it up to maximum volume, fixed myself a beaker of cold Nestle Quik, and slumped into an oversize beanbag chair. This was a little ritual designed to soothe my nerves and send my next-door neighbor into a lathering, wall-punching fit. The man was a despicable Nazi lowlife who deserved to have his upper and lower epidermis scraped off with three-grit sandpaper, for reasons I won't get into here.

I dressed and ate a fast breakfast consisting of orange juice, grapefruit juice, and six different varieties of pre-sweetened cereal. At 7:30 I bade my sleeping younger brother farewell and climbed into the BigWheel, a big, dangerous bike with an unsettling tendency to spin out without the slightest warning or provocation.

After several close calls, one of which sent me fishtailing into the back end of a matronly crossing guard, I got the beast under control and arrived at Hymie's in one piece. My attorney was waiting outside. He greeted me heartily, a large paper sack clutched under his right arm.

"Jesus," I said. "What have you got in there? Hymie's inventory?" He laughed and dumped the contents of the bag into the BigWheel.

"Just a few necessary supplies," he said, spreading out the pile for closer examination.

Cazart! If any of you parents ever learn anything it should be this: under absolutely no circumstances should you ever subsidize a fat, crazed, self-indulgent five-year-old attorney with a connoisseur's appreciation for fine candy.

The stockpile broke down as follows: Two one-pound bags of M&M's, plain and peanut. Six packs of Twizzlers. Six packs of Necco's. Three dozen peanut-butter cups. A month's

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supply of Oh Henry!'s. Two cartons of Three Musketeers and Snickers. A carton of Kit Kats. A case of Pepsi. A rainbow assortment of bubble gums, lollipops, and penny candies. A blotter sheet of button drops. Enough licorice shoelace to strangle a boar hog. A twelve-ounce bar of Cadbury Fruit & Nuts and a small vial of pure cooking vanilla.

"This is a week's worth of candy," I pointed out. "We'll never make it by the front door with this stuff."

My attorney nodded his head solemnly and looked at me through vaguely dilated pupils. I suspected he'd already dipped into the M&M's.

"As your attorney I think it's in our best interests to consume as much of this candy as possible. It would be a shame to throw even half of it away."

"You're insane," I reasoned. "This much candy would reduce both of us to a pair of babbling, dangerously overloaded freaks."

My attorney grinned at me knowingly.

"We'll fit in perfectly. Remember, this is the first day of school."

He climbed into the BigWheel and wasted no time ripping open wrappers. The Snickers went first, three apiece, washed down with a bolt of Pepsi.

Then the rest of the M&M's and the Oh Henry!'s.

"Those Snickers are pure glucose," my attorney warned. "You'll feel the first rush any minute now." He was right. As we picked up speed and rumbled down Main Street a fine light wave trickled up my spine and came to rest at the base of my head.

"Hand me that licorice, you greedy whore," I said to my attorney. "That's supposed to be enough for both of us." He shrugged and dropped a half-eaten clump into my lap. We ate an entire carton of Kit Kats in the next three blocks, and by the time we reached the halfway point in our journey we were both hopelessly twisted.

"They'll probably hang us both from the flagpole as an example to all the other students," I said, peeling back the plastic wrapper from a Charms Blow Pop.

"Yes," my attorney agreed, chuckling "like Mussolini." Suddenly his smile disappeared and his eyes filled with terror.

"Watch out for Papa Smurf," he screamed, grabbing at the controls. "My God. Look at that. I wonder where the rest of the gang is?"

I couldn't see Papa Smurf, but the sky was full of black-fanged pterodac-

tyls and I was having trouble pedaling. My attorney howled and lashed out at the handlebars, nearly capsizing us.

"Get a grip on yourself," I screamed. "I thought you could handle the candy." He slumped back in his seat and ate a fistful of Necco's.

"Of course, of course. I've been acting crazily. It's those Three Musketeers. They're horribly unpredictable."

I stopped at a red light, and a pair of first-graders on a red Schwinn pulled up beside us. They had their brand-new clothes on and looked as eager as mongrels looking for potential masters at a dog pound.

My attorney leaned over the side of the BigWheel and stared at them. "You want some fucking candy?" he screamed, spitting and drooling chocolate goo from his mouth. "Hubba Bubba. Snickers. Pure granulated sugar, man. Blow your fucking head off!"

I glanced over at the Schwinn and saw the pair was frozen with shock. The bike they were riding had a wicker basket on it and my attorney was tugging at it, trying to get their attention.

"Can't you hear me, you crazy bastards? Are you deaf? I'm talking about two-two-two mints in one. A fistful of peanuts in every bar."

I tried to maneuver the BigWheel past them but I was up against the curb and couldn't turn without knocking into them.

"M&M's. Hershey's chocolate motherfucker. Melt in your fucking brain, not in your mouth!"

The light finally changed and the Schwinn took off like a turbo jet. My attorney burst out laughing.

"Jesus, what fucking zombies. They're exactly the type of pigs infiltrating the school system. Christ, did you see the decals on their knapsacks?"

I could see he was getting worse by the minute. While he talked he scratched incessantly at an invisible rash and rocked to and fro spasmodically. Suddenly he started rummaging through a pile of wax wrappers, frantically searching for something.

"Where's my balloon?" he shouted. "Where did I put my balloon?"

Jesus, I thought, he's falling apart. Any second now he'll turn violent and they'll find us both on the side of the road, holding each other's spleens in our hands, our foreheads ripped open and dripping blood in the sun. He rose out of the pile and smiled broadly. Clenched in his fist was a red balloon.

"I couldn't function without this," he said. "If the situation gets tense you



"You're warm now, Alec—very, very warm."

The taste Canada looks up to



O'Keefe  The Big Canadian

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just load this baby up with water and drench every man, woman, and child within a twelve-foot radius. Never fails to jolt the bastards straight down to their socks."

We arrived two hours late and parked the BigWheel on the front steps. It was a terrible scene, both of us falling over each other as we tried to pry the school doors open. "These things have no fucking handles," my attorney screamed, clawing at the steel doors stupidly. "They built a school without any handles."

"It's clearly an act of aggression," I said, my entire body now soaked in a trembling spastic sweat. "They want us to use the back entrance like common house servants."

A small boy with fear in his eyes parted the doors from inside and pushed on past us; either he'd been thrown out or he'd seen all he wanted to.

"Jesus," my attorney said. "Did you see the look on that kid's face? I wonder what they did to him in there?"

I stared at him and smiled weakly. "They probably dragged him into the bathroom and beat him around the kidneys with pointers and yardsticks."

"Jesus," my attorney muttered. I shrugged and headed into the school lobby. Violence was commonplace the first day of school. I'd seen unacclimated teachers go completely berserk and start swinging in a crowded classroom, knocking children senseless by

the barrelful.

"Hell," I continued, "I remember last year, on the first day, my homeroom teacher grabbed a talkative child in the first row and erased the entire goddamn blackboard with his head. His head! The kid inhaled so much chalk dust that he went instantly blind and fell into an irreversible coma."

I could see my attorney was starting to look a little uneasy. I laughed and swatted him on the back.

"Don't worry," I reassured him. "They only hurt you if you look like a troublemaker."

"Well, fuck that," he said. "I'm a model student no matter what these evil scum-suckers say."

The corridors looked like the verge of a bad riot scene; rat-faced faculty members herded shell-shocked brats up and down the hallways like meat hogs while the PA system periodically blurted garbled instructions to "kindly proceed to your designated homeroom."

My attorney glanced down at a crumpled schedule.

"What room are you boys supposed to be in?" I whirled around and came face to face with an ugly fat man.

"Ah...of course, what room?" I said, thinking frantically. "What room indeed? Room 200. Yes. Probably room 200. Of course, I remember distinctly now. Or was it room 244? We're new here, you know. Just trying to blend in and enjoy the scenery. The last thing

we'd want is any trouble. Are you a member of the fine staff?"

I assaulted him with some more gibberish but he wasn't buying it.

"Could I see your schedule, young man?"

I dug through my pockets, but all I could come up with was a pile of candy wrappers. "I must have left it in my other coat," I said, walking fast in the other direction. I hadn't gotten three steps when I felt his hard grip on my shoulder.

"I think you better come with me to the principal's office."

Suddenly my attorney was in the middle of it, snarling at the fat man. "Get your hands off my client, you worthless pig-fucker. How would you like to be brought up in front of the board for physically manhandling a student? You could lose your job for that."

The fat guy wasn't biting. He paraded us down the hall in a primitive version of a Nazi death march.

Christ, I thought. They'll find the cooking vanilla in our knapsacks. The fat man will tell the principal we're both vicious impostors and that we threatened him with his life. No! Our only hope was to run.

We made a break for it, but the sugar comedown clouded our brains and it seemed as if we were moving in slow motion. The principal's goon squad nailed us ten feet from the door. Caught like doomed rats.

**Editor's Note:** Dr. Thompson's notes became very jumbled at this point. The following is a transcript from an interview Dr. Thompson had with his attorney and Rick Bloom, Dr. Thompson's G.O. campaign manager during his failed bid for election to the school council earlier that year:

**HST:** You worthless pig. I didn't think you'd have the guts to show your face after you bungled my campaign.

**ATT:** Hey, Rick, do you have any chocolate milk?

**RB:** Jesus, Hunter, you sabotaged that campaign yourself when you scrawled "Report Cards Are Weird" on the side of the principal's Volkswagen.

**HST:** The man was a vicious misanthrope. And besides, the polls showed I was trailing by nearly three hundred votes. I had to do something drastic. I would have gotten away with it, too, if you hadn't panicked and dropped the Magic Markers.

**RB:** My heart wasn't in it. I kept thinking people were watching from behind the handball courts.

**HST:** Balls.

**ATT:** Cooking vanilla? ■



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)  
Sirs:

I just want to say something to those people who say stuff must be placed in boiling water for twenty minutes to kill the germs. Well, before I brush my teeth in the morning I put my toothbrush under the hot tap water for ten or twenty seconds. That tap water is so hot that if you touch it you'll burn yourself. You're going to sit there and tell me that holding my toothbrush under that scalding flow for almost half a minute won't kill the germs? Let me tell you something, pal: If there're germs that tough living on my toothbrush, I'm proud to have them living in my mouth.

Doug Snapple  
*Alexandria, Va.*

Sirs:

Sighted people often wonder what the dreams of us blind people are like. I don't know about other blind people, but mine are usually about Valerie Bertinelli's pussy.

Little Stevie Charles  
*Dark Glasses, Mo.*

Sirs:

Man does not live by Oscars alone, and while the approval of one's peers is important to many people, it is not paramount to me. I'm a professional who knows how good he is. Life here in Connecticut with Joanne goes on as before. We are very happy with our lives as they are. By the way, in my next film I play a little brown emaciated wog in diapers who eats a bowl of rancid rice every six months whether he's hungry or not.

Paul Newman  
*Westport, Conn.*

Sirs:

Can you tell me how to get ahold of those people who do the Where Are They Now books? Because I run an all-night cafeteria down here, and I swear to God I got Bob Dylan servicing my deep fryers twice a month.

Nat Rhineaur  
*Augusta, Ga.*

Sirs:

My credit cards weigh more than some people's tits. I just wanted to let everyone know that. So the next time someone says that his credit cards weigh as much as an average woman's breasts, tell him you heard it here first.

Peri Smollar  
*Cleveland, Ohio*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)



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 and beyond, we can keep this  
 country going and growing together.  
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Sirs:

Don't look down, you might be gaining weight.

Satchel Fat  
Black-Eyed Peas, Md.

Sirs:

All right, was Dylan Thomas the guy in "The Waltons," or the one who wrote all that folk stuff and then fell off his motorcycle? I mean, it's kinda important, 'cause it's for a test, but my teacher's on 'ludes, so she'll probably mark it wrong, anyway. And then fall down the stairs.

Realistic Teen  
Public School

Sirs:

Do you remember how at the end of "Let's Make a Deal," Monty Hall would mingle with the audience, offering them a hundred dollars for all the hairpins or rubber bands or whatnot they had in their purse? I had tickets to the show, so I filled a big handbag with fifty thousand paper clips, figuring on a thousand-to-one shot I might get rich. Near the end of the show, as the credits were rolling, I swear to you as I'm writing this today, Monty Hall walked up to me and in front of everyone on TV offered me a hundred dollars for every paper clip I had. Well, naturally I started screaming and jumping up and down, because I had just made five million dollars. Except when I opened the handbag and showed him the enormous piles of paper clips, he sort of

stared at them for a second and then at me (and by now the audience was really curious as to what was going on) and then he turned around and yelled at some man to stop the tape. Then he grabbed me and pushed me down the carpeted steps, sending up a big shower of paper clips. I was sixty years old at the time, and I couldn't believe what was happening. He started screaming at me to "get your bleep out of the bleep building or I'll knock your bleep bleep teeth in." And then he ran at me and started kicking me and yanking at my dress, which ripped. The whole audience was laughing. They thought it was funny. Finally a couple of henchmen picked me up and threw me out into the street. This all actually happened, which shows you how phony some of these television people can be.

Joan Krause  
Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Drooling is really cool, but only if you do it right.

King Drool  
Spittle Beach, Md.

Sirs:

Occasionally I watch "Gilligan's Island" and wank off at Ginger and Mary Ann. Especially Mary Ann. I really like that homespun quality more than the Hollywood artificialness, you know? Anyway, I've been a little worried lately, because every time they switch

scenes to the Skipper I start wanking off like crazy. Believe me, I'm not a homo or anything, it's just when I see that big roly-poly tugboat of a man hitting his little buddy over the head with his sailor cap I practically come in my own face.

Arnold Sparagus  
Buford, Wis.

Sirs:

When a white person calls a black person a "nigger," it is a derogatory racial slur. However, when a black person calls another black person a "nigger," it is a jesting term of brotherly affection. Except when we're talking about Jesse Jackson. Boy, what a nigger.

Black People with Taste  
Uptown

Sirs:

I knew Mao Tse-tung. Yes, it's true. I was his bodyguard on the Long March. I'll never forget how, in the summer of 1935, we reached a mountainside that overlooked the Great Wall. The Great Wall snaked its way through the countryside, shining, immense. Mao stared at the Wall, silent, transfixed, as if the entire meaning of the Revolution coalesced in that one moment. Then he turned to me and said, "Jeez, that's a big wall."

Moo Shu Pork  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:

How exactly does John Gielgud *look* as a punk rocker in that new movie he's in? Also, is this going to set a precedent? Lord Laurence Olivier portraying Sid Vicious? Sir Alec Guinness as Johnny Rotten? I can *hardly* wait.

Sally Abercrombie  
Hampton Bays, N.Y.

Sirs:

In order to maximize profit on the palindrome mania sweeping America, my company has patented the numerical palindrome. For a very small fee, we can send you such custom-made hot palindromical jobs as 11211, 398893, or 6633677763366. I got a million of 'em.

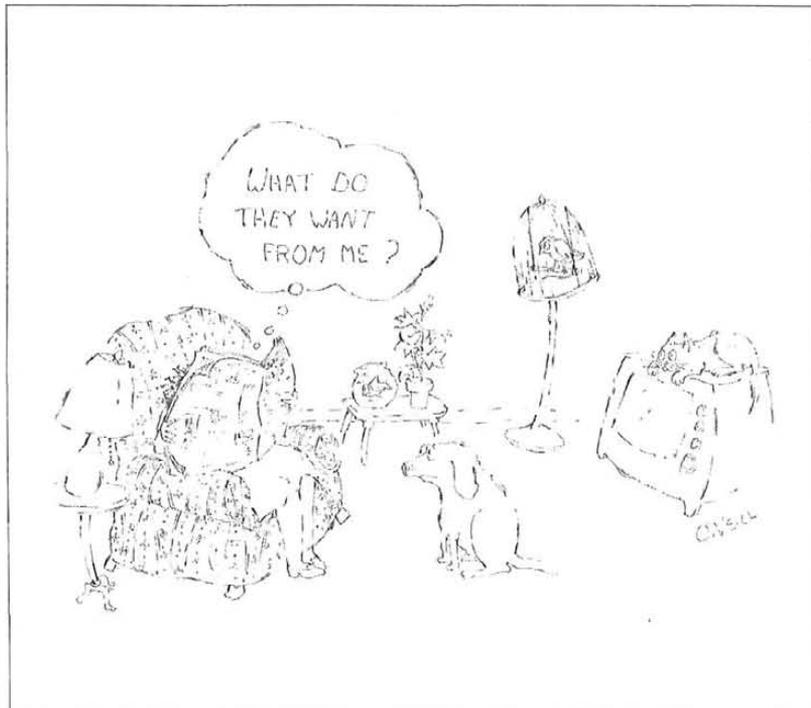
Milton Bob Notlim  
Alastets, Ala.

Sirs:

What do you get when you cross John De Lorean and Mercury Morris? A fast, black, sporty symbol of wealth that sniffs when you forget to do up your seat belt.

The Feds  
Everywhere

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)



\*\*\*\*\*

America's Jolly Good

\*\*\*\*\*

# Time of the Month

MARCH EDITION

## Trouble in the Cabbage Patch

ONLY THREE MONTHS AFTER THE MASS Christmas adoption of Cabbage Patch Kids, trouble has begun to haunt families throughout America.

"In the first place, these dolls are proving to be a tremendous financial burden for many families," explained a worried Dr. Joyce Brothers. "It's more than just twenty-five bucks for the adoption. Then the dolls need clothes, shoes, Cabbage Patch Cribs. And the worst is yet to come. Look at the facial expressions on these dolls—you know they are going to need major orthodonture in a few years."

While the most obvious stresses have been financial, there have also been disturbing psychological problems. "These dolls know they were adopted. The smarter ones have begun to ask questions. Some want to find their natural parents. They are not fall-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



Recent adopter of a Cabbage Patch Kid after discovering that her adopted child, like thousands of other Cabbage Patch Kids, has run away.



President Reagan preparing to leave the White House to deliver his State of the Union message.

## White House Tightens Security

**I**N THE WAKE OF A WORLDWIDE EPIDemic of terrorism, the White House has moved to further beef up the already tight security that surrounds President Reagan.

For obvious reasons many of the new measures, such as the strings of tin cans placed across strategic doorways inside the White House, remain a secret. "Our security guys are off-duty from midnight to 6:00 A.M.," White House chief of security, Dan Blocker, whispered, "only nobody knows it. If anybody sneaks in then, say through the back door we always leave open for the cat, they're bound to blunder into those tin cans, and the racket will wake somebody up."

Another measure that Blocker didn't want to publicize is the digging of tiger pits in the Rose Garden. "I'll bet those Shiite fellas won't be expecting to fall into a hole full of sharpened stakes," he said with a sly smile.

Other new security measures are necessarily a matter of public record. The dump trucks that for months have stood in front of the White House gates have now been replaced by garbage trucks. "We're hoping the stink keeps those mad bombers away," Blocker explained. "Even if it doesn't, it's still making our job here a whole lot easier, because it has succeeded in convincing the Reagans themselves to spend less time here. Who's going to bomb the White House when the president's away in Europe or California?"

"We're trying to send these guys a message," Blocker went on. "If they want to blow somebody up, they'll be doing us and themselves a favor if they just pick somebody else." Blocker noted that bombs planted in hospitals, schools, and crowded department stores would have as much political impact as a bomb planted in the White House, with a lot less effort.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

ing for that 'You were born in a cabbage patch' line," said Dr. Brothers. "Someone is going to have to tell these dolls the truth, that they were built with sweatshop labor in Hong Kong. There is going to be an awful lot of guilt, and anxiety, and, yes, shame."

Even more serious, many Cabbage Patch Kids have been experiencing severe health problems. Tim O'Brien, a five-year-old from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, relates this tragic story: "I put the doll to bed, and when I woke him the next morning, his head fell off. Just broke at the neck and rolled away." This terrifying form of Cabbage Patch Crib Death can strike anytime. Though Coleco does send out Cabbage Patch Death Certificates to the bereaved adoptive parents, it does little to heal the sense of loss. Some dolls have lingered between life and death for weeks, their heads hanging by a thread. No one knows who is ethically qualified to "pull the plug," or, more accurately, cut the thread.

"The country has been asked to absorb a new wave of immigrants with precious little preparation. From what I can see," said Dr. Brothers, "a lot of these adoptions will fail. It looks as if things will only get worse."

## Bill Introduced in House Would Make Farting Illegal

A PROPOSAL THAT WOULD MAKE THE act of passing intestinal gas illegal was introduced recently in the House of Representatives by Jack Kemp, an austere Republican from the cold climate of upstate New York. But before a vote could be taken on the measure, a filibuster by Speaker of the House "Tip" O'Neill, punctuated by the most excessive flatulence ever before witnessed in the halls of Congress, virtually cleared the chambers. Only three Congressmen remained throughout O'Neill's fifteen-minute extemporaneous expulsion.

Debate on Kemp's proposal will resume after a one-week special recess of the House. The reason for the recess, said one Congressman: "To let the air clear a little."



Nancy Reagan in her recent appearance on the Merv Griffin show.

## Talk-Show Host Reveals: "I Had Nancy Eating from the Palm of My Hand!"

**N**ATIONALLY SYNDICATED talk-show host Merv Griffin, who just a few months ago told the nation that First Lady Nancy Reagan had shrunk to a size 2 as a result of the enormous pressures of her position, has revealed that Nancy has now shrunk to a total height of seventeen inches—"eighteen in heels," according to Griffin.

In an interview to be broadcast later this year, Nancy told Merv that her trip last year to Japan with Ronnie was "my last fling at being taller than most of the people around me." Since then, according to Nancy, "life has been hell. Why, just last week, at a state dinner for Lebanese diplomats, I disappeared for three hours until aides located me in a pita, which I had mistaken for a powder room."

Mrs. Reagan's shift in size has caused other problems within the First Family. "You've got to admire her guts," the president told Merv. "We didn't want anyone to know at first, so we rigged all our photo sessions. Mommy stood up real close to the camera, and I stood

about five yards back. What a gall!"

Mrs. Reagan's passion for designer clothing, though, has not gone unsatisfied. "We are now able to indulge her passion for the Barbie and Ken look more than ever," designer Adolfo told Griffin. "And I predict that, in the next year, millions of men and women will be looking like Barbie and Ken, in imitation of Ron and Nancy."

Nancy's plans for the future as a "teeny tiny woman" include a novel approach to her husband's reelection efforts. "I've had a number of outfits designed that make me look like the little bunny from the *Playboy* Party Jokes page," she confessed. "For a thousand dollars a glass, I'll appear in any man's martini. Who says little people don't have fun?"

**Time of the Month**

EDITOR:  
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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, a small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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- National Lampoon Binder With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.
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# NATIONAL LAMPOON

# Threat of "Greenhouse Effect" Underestimated

A RECENT REPORT BY THE ENVIRONMENTAL Protection Agency has focused concern on the human response to an immense global warming trend, which has been dubbed the "greenhouse effect." According to the report, test subjects placed in an experimental environment analogous to that which we would all experience under the greenhouse effect appear to be rather hot and uncomfortable, as expected, but they also exhibit other strange behavior. For instance, instead of accomplishing constructive work, the subjects tend to putter around with trowels, talking to plants. They become easily annoyed by visitors introduced into the experimental environment, particularly younger relatives. "Close that door *this* minute, young man," a typical test subject snapped. "Do you want my poor begonias to catch a chill?"

The report concluded that the green-

house effect will cause a variety of unexpected occurrences, among them:

- Flowers will spring up everywhere, even on city streets, filling people's heads with notions of peace and love.
- New York skyscrapers will grow to two or three times their present height, and will have to be periodically pruned, like rosebushes.
- The hair on people's heads, particularly in the tropics, will grow longer, thicker, and greener.
- A woman going by the name of Aunt Edna will be elected the first female president of the United States on the basis of her prizewinning dahlias.
- The Gideons will begin placing seed catalogs in hotel rooms.
- An omnipresent watering can will replace the attaché case as the mark of a successful executive.
- Photosynthesis will replace baseball as the national pastime.



Nell Carter arriving with her lunch "gunnysack" at the NBC commissary.

## Nell Carter Fears for Her Life!

**I**N AN ARTICLE APPEARING IN A forthcoming issue of the *New England Journal of Celebrity Medicine*, actress and singer Nell Carter voices the fear that she may be a victim of anorexia nervosa, the disease that claimed the life of Karen Carpenter.

Carter is quoted as saying: "I'm so terrified I might starve myself to death that I eat and eat to compensate. I hate eating, but I live in terror that my weight could drop drastically without warning. It hasn't yet, but only because I've been so conscientious about stuffing myself with food eighteen hours a day. Heck, sometimes I even wake up with a nightmare, and then have to go and get something to eat."

In the article, researchers also reveal that other celebrities suffer from the same anxieties as Carter, among them Shelley Winters, Elizabeth Taylor, and Dolly Parton. According to her physician, Parton's condition is complicated by the fact that she tends to "spot-gain" weight in one part of her body only, and were she to lose it, it would mean the end of her career.



## New T-shirts Express Grief

Shaken by the death of a figure they both idolized and respected, millions of American women have taken to wearing these new "Remember Jessie" T-shirts. According to Ruth Swanson, owner of T-shirts 'n' Things in the Paramus Mall in Paramus, New Jersey, "There's much we have to remember about Jessica Savitch. Besides being able to read so well, she was a shining beacon for women everywhere. If it weren't for the example she set, many of us wouldn't know how to furrow our brows and express concern over the difficult issues of our day and then—just as quickly—break into a charming smile when appreciating life's little ironies."

# NATIONAL LAMPOON'S PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

- National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** Celebrates the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two. \$5.95  S  M  L
- National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** For fans of the movie who attend baseball games or other events requiring clothing. \$7.00  S  M  L
- National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** So new, it can only be called used after you've worn it. \$7.00  S  M  L
- National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** For those casual occasions when a full baseball jersey might brand you an "L-7." \$5.95  S  M  L
- National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00  S  M  L
- National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95



- National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95  S  M  L
- National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Heavy-duty canvas, holds equipment, fresh undies, drugs. \$14.95
- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95  S  M  L

Check off what you like. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. Tack on \$1.50 for postage and handling if it's under \$5.00, or \$2.00 for same if it's over \$5.00. Add 8¼ percent sales tax to that if you live in New York State. Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

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- "Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95  S  M  L

THAT'S SICK!"



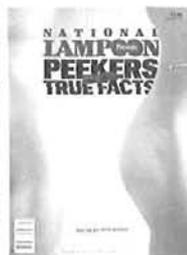
"THAT'S NOT FUNNY."

- National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95  S  M  L
- National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross, in gray or black. \$20.95  S  M  L. Color: \_\_\_\_\_
- National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95  S  M  L. Color: \_\_\_\_\_



- National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95  S  M  L  XL. Color: \_\_\_\_\_
- National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95
- "Voulez-vous Fugue?" T-shirt** Remember Labelle? Remember this song with a French-sounding chorus? \$5.95  S  M  L
- National Lampoon's Game of Sell Out** Lie, cheat, and steal and you can win this board game, as well as our hearts. \$10.00
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
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- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Funnies told through fotos. Funny. \$2.95

- National Lampoon's Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** Carbon-dating has proven this edition's longevity to be worth an extra two bucks. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$5.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** All true, all new. To be without one won't do. \$2.95



- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95



- The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon** A record album that uses the article "the" to command respect. \$7.95
- "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"** The *National Lampoon* comedy album that dares to be round and flat. \$6.95
- National Lampoon's White Album** More than a record, less than an eight-cylinder European sports car. \$7.95
- National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World** Quite frankly, our latest album has the longest title yet. \$8.98

# NATIONAL LAMPOON



BY SEAN KELLY

**I** JUST HOPE IT WON'T BE LIKE LAST year, is all. Last year they nearly ruined the thing, dragging politics into it. I mean the Saint Patrick's Day Parade, of course.

Because it's a wonderful thing, in principle. And coming as it does, right in the middle of Lent and all, it makes for a nice break. (When I was young, the Irish had a special dispensation to eat candy on Saint Paddy's Day, or smoke cigarettes or do whatever they'd given up doing, just for that one day. It was the pope's way of acknowledging what the Irish had done for him during the Middle Ages.)

Here's an idea I wonder if there's any money in. Suppose we bring back good old-fashioned Lent, days of fast and abstinence, meatless days, one-meal-a-day days, and all? And we call it the Pontifical Fitness Program or Vatican Diet or something? You'd bring things up to date, of course, jogging around the Stations of the Cross, that sort of thing, but I think it might work. In principle, I mean....

Anyway, about Saint Patrick's Day.

It's common knowledge that everyone wants to be Irish. And the feast day of Ireland's patron saint gives them all the opportunity. Whatever your color, if you do Saint Paddy's Day right, you're sure to be green by the end of it, if you take my meaning!

Here in the great city of New York, for example, around nightfall on the seventeenth (and a very Celtic twilight it is), spotty youths from every part of Central Europe, by way of New Jersey, can be seen reeling and howling about in the streets, shattering bottles, butting heads, and puking their guts out, just as if they were authentic sons of auld Erin.

And of course your better class of saloon has the foresight to tint the ale and porter they serve green that day, so that the gouts of regurgitation upon their lapels look for all the world like a

great spray of the sainted shamrock!

There's a story behind those shamrocks. Saint Patrick himself invented them, to explain the Mystery of the Trinity to the early inhabitants of Ireland. Druids, they were called, closely related to the leprechauns, and high kings the lot of them. That's why the British, back in the old days, tried to boycott shamrocks. ("Boycott" is an Irish word, by the way. It's Gaelic.)

Anyway, King Billy the Orange of England tried to make everyone wear oranges on Saint Patrick's Day, but it wouldn't work. Led by their fearless clergy, Wolfe Tone, and the poet Yeats,



the Irish rebelled, and caused the Troubles. But that's all in the past.

The important thing nowadays is to keep politics out of the parade.

It's all very well for the Jews and the Puerto Ricans and the Poles and whoever else to have politics in their parades, mind you. For one thing, all those countries are threatened by Communism, and have to keep their spirits up, their political dander up, so to speak. But Holy Ireland itself has never been threatened by Communism, thank God. (That's because of a special agreement Saint Patrick himself made with the Blessed Virgin when she came to visit him in his Purgatory, as he called his ancient Irish home. He promised he'd perpetually keep all the

Irish, men and women alike, from ever committing an act against holy purity if God's Mother would promise to keep the Communists out of Ireland, and the deal was done. Even today, Ireland would rather turn Orange than Red. If you get my drift.)

But the other way in which the Irish Americans are different from the Jews and Poles and all the rest and don't need politics in their parade is this: none of those groups have yet had themselves a president!

I refer, of course, to John Fitzgerald Kennedy, before whose magazine-cover icon a vigil light burns in every simple cottage in the Auld Sod, and whose canonization is only a matter of time, according to the Archbishop of Maynooth, a learned scholar with highly placed connections in the Vatican. I can say no more about all that, mind you. My lips are sealed.

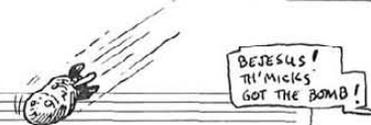
But the terrific popularity of Ireland, as evidenced by the enormous numbers of green-cellophane bowler hats and grotesque brogues affected by the majority of Americans each March 17, cannot be explained simply by the fact that Bing Crosby, Jack Dempsey, and JFK, three of the greatest Americans who ever lived or ever will live, were of Irish extraction, and not ashamed of it.

Nor can the American national obsession with "Micks," "harps," or "bogtrotters," as they are variously known, be solely attributed to the unquestioned facts that the Irish laid every inch of track for the great railroads of the land, bred generations of scrupulously honest policemen, are to a man charming (especially when drunk), and to a woman chaste (even when drunk). Oh no.

I'll tell you what it is. The Irish are *cute*. By which I mean, *white*. Now, normally when we see (on our television screens, or the pages of our favorite periodical) the inhabitants of some Third World country performing weird superstitious rights, whirling wild-eyed in quaint native dance numbers, and emerging from their squalid dwellings to brutalize each other in the name of throwing off the yoke of colonization, why, the faces of these underdeveloped prehistoric folk have bones through the noses!

But the Irish are...cute. It's actually *touching* to see those little blue-eyed freckled-faced urchins blowing each other to bloody rags in the alleys of Belfast! You could almost swear they were as human as you or I.

And that's why I hope to God they won't go dragging politics into this year's parade, you see. It's the principle of the thing. *Slainte!*



## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

Sirs:

I'm a Chipwich salesman. The guy who invented Chipwiches really has a unique approach to presenting his product. He figures the more enthusiasm you show for the product the better it will sell. All Chipwich sidewalk vendors are encouraged to actively pursue customers, shouting the virtues of the Chipwich and behaving in an upbeat, happy manner. I really don't have too much enthusiasm for the job and you can usually find me in the middle of Central Park tossing my Chipwiches to the squirrels.

Roone McGoon  
Minimum Wage, N.Y.

Sirs:

How come you can call a guy from Texas "Tex" but you can't call a guy from Florida "Flo"?

Minnie Maus  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

Ahem. What, pray tell, is black and white—and, furthermore, red all over—and has difficulty maneuvering within the confines of a revolving door? Mr. *Plunkett*? No... Mr. *Curran*? No, I'm sorry. The answer is: "A nun with a spear through her head."

I get my jokes the old-fashioned way. I steal them.

John Houseman  
Paper Chase, Md.

Sirs:

A good number of people have denounced rock 'n' roll as "demonic," citing its primal beat and coarse, suggestive lyrics. Okay. Fine. But I would personally like to disavow responsibility for the following groups: AC/DC, Def Leppard, Journey, REO, Styx, and Triumph. Thank you.

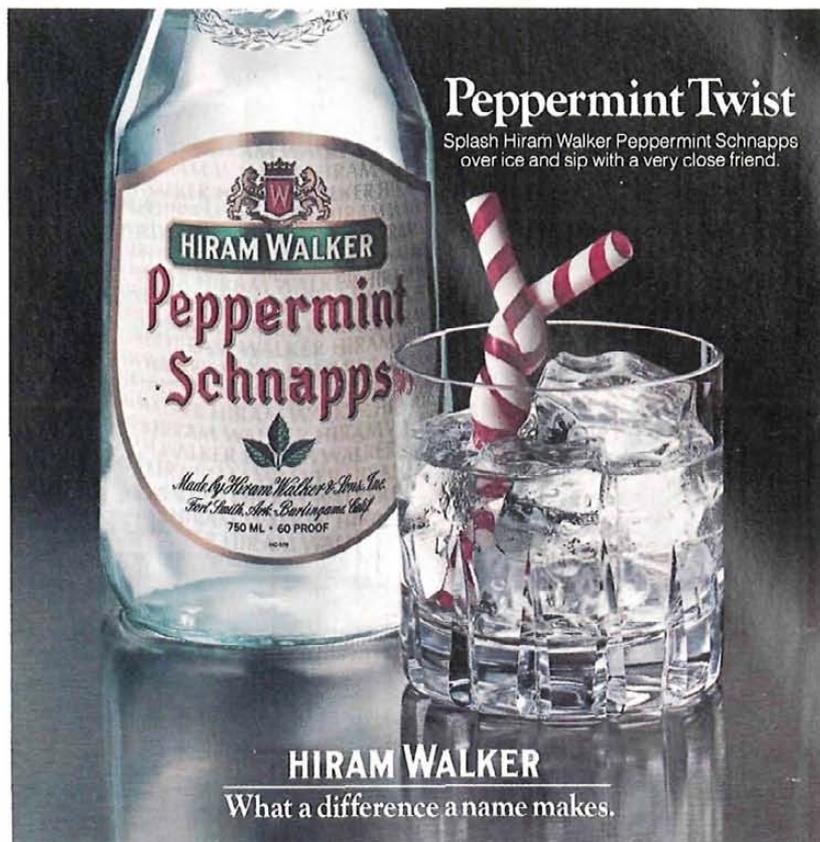
Satan  
Eternally damned but not  
without taste

Sirs:

In Moscow, punctuality most very important. Absentecism very, very bad. So when, the other week, I get bitten by flying rodent, I don't make excuse. Every day in at six to, how you say, "punch out clock." Comrades say, "Look how Orgi drools and smashes timekeeping device in little pieces with fist." I know they make joke. I run out of paper now.

Orgi Rasmanovich  
Moscow

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Peppermint Twist  
Splash Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps over ice and sip with a very close friend.

HIRAM WALKER  
What a difference a name makes.

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept 16AR, P.O. Box 32127, Detroit, MI 48232. ©1984. Peppermint Schnapps. 60 Proof Liqueur. Hiram Walker Inc., Farmington Hills, MI

## WHO CARES?



Bobby and Al Unser, race car drivers and motorcyclists. "On the race track, we're both in total control. We approach off-road riding the same way. Reckless riding is stupid. And not very impressive to the hikers and campers we meet."



**RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.**

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. MC

# THE SIXTIES'

HEY, YOU, MR. UPTIGHT MADISON AVENUE COCAINE-IN-THE-DESK-Drawer Straight Man, get offa my cloud! Yeah, you, Ms. Button-Down Ivy League Change-from-Within M.B.A., stop hasslin' me with the rap you're puttin' down about the sixties being the greatest time in the history of the modern world, man!

Revolution? Change the world? Power to the people? Where did it get you, Ms. Lunchtime Fitness Queen? Mr. Singles Bar Midnight Oil Coffee Achiever? You, the Leather-Panted Goddess of Pants? *Nowhere*, man—that's where!

You wanted to beat the system? Well, the system that put "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." in twenty million homes is still chugging away, while the system that blew a few heads open with *Easy Rider* collapsed a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away.

And who are you working for, Mr. Big Chill Kramer vs. Kramer Comin' Home to Reds?

So take one last look at your outasight instant-karma counterculture, Harry Hippie. Take it from a guy who got shot when the shoot-in' was good, Mr. John I'm-More-Popular-Than-Elvis/Jesus Lennon: **THE SIXTIES ARE OVER—IF YOU WANT IT!**

BY KEVIN CURRAN AND FRED GRAVER



# GREATEST HITS

## SOME REALLY STUPID NAMES PEOPLE GAVE KIDS BACK IN THE SIXTIES

- China
- God
- Sunshine
- Flesheater
- Free
- Chastity
- Roacharoo
- Karma
- Love
- Billy Bumpkin
- Crusty McJeeber
- Smiley
- Ferret
- Peace
- Wind
- Sagebrush

### SIXTIES MYTH #11

#### THE RIOTS AT THE '68 DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WERE POLITICALLY BASED

MAYOR RICHARD DALEY OF CHICAGO did not, during the 1968 Democratic Convention, say, "As long as I am mayor, there will be law and order in Chicago." He *did* say, "There will be lawn order in Chicago," referring to Grant Park—where hundreds of thousands of hippies were camped out—as Chicago's front yard. Now that you know that, perhaps you can understand why he overreacted a little.



## TALKIN' SIXTIES

### A by-no-means-complete listing of jargon

**acid** A term which indicated, though only to the hippest, that LSD was perfect for loosening "frozen" bolts and screws, just like Coca-Cola.

**blow your mind** Not half as painful as it sounds. To have your head turned around, to be put in a different space, to "grok." Often preceded by having one's nose blown, as in "Honky Tonk Women."

**bummer** Downer. Bad scene. Like when you realize that the whole system is, like, corrupt.

**crash pad** Derived from the experience of "taking a bomber," looking for a place to "come down," and then realizing that you'd better just "go home."

**dig it** To "penetrate" the "essence" of something you don't know shit about. As in "I can dig it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)



GARY HALLGREN

peter hack ©

## TALKIN' SIXTIES A by-no-means-complete listing of jargon CONTINUED

**Establishment** Root of all hassles. (See *straights, pigs, heat, bummers, landlords, government, military.*)

**far out** Place where your "head" goes when it gets "turned around" or "blown." Usually accompanied by an awe-filled "Wow!" (See *The Complete Exclamations of John Sebastian.*)

**groovy** Something so exquisite it could exist in the little bands of a record album, until the needle came around and picked it up, making the music sound all scratchy and weird, and then you'd have to knock it off, but don't use your finger, man!

**happening** A big party where everyone took drugs, drank liquor, danced, had sex, went crazy. Nevertheless, a party where all the fun was taken away because some asshole claimed it had artistic/social/political relevance.

**hash** Not hashish, but something else, perhaps a vast collection of toe jam from the local commune, which was still pretty powerful but not the real thing.

**hassle** To cause a chain of problems for someone, as in "You're hassling me, man." The lifeblood of the Establishment. See *uptight.*

**head** Where you live, when you haven't straightened up enough to realize that you actually live in a cold, dirty crash pad.

**karma** Truly righteous stuff. Available in good, bad, and instant.

**love-in** A happening, with body paint, rock music, drugs, and a photographer from *Life*.

**marijuana** See *tea, roach, joint, reefer, bomber, Mary Jane, weed, Acapulco gold, dope*, and the ever-popular "Al."

**out of sight** In the other room, behind a wall, where you can't see it. So there.

**peace and love** See *Wanna fuck?*

**pigs** 1. Cops. 2. Sharon Tate and her friends. 3. George Harrison's code word for the astronauts. (See *Famous "Life" Covers.*)

**relevant** As in "Yeah, I heard somethin' like that happened to some other people." As in "What are you talking about?" (See *dig it.*)

**revolution** 1. Well, you know, we all want to change the world. But if you go carryin' pictures of Chairman Mao, you ain't gonna make it with anyone, anyhow. Shoo bee doo, it's gonna be all right, shoo bee doo, all right. 2. Number nine, number nine, number nine,

number nine, number nine, number nine, number nine, number nine, number nine, number nine.

**stash** Place where incredibly cool, hip people hid their drugs so *no one* would ever find them. Common stashes: a big ceramic jar on a coffee table, a silver-foil packet in the desk drawer, a canister labeled "Tea" in the kitchen.

**stoned** Acting really stupid, under the influence of drugs. But hey, it's all right.

**straights** People perceived as "normal," in possession of a high percentage of undamaged brain cells.

**toke** Hat worn by Canadians, in which they would frequently expel marijuana smoke in the hope of having the high enter their skulls by osmosis.

**tripping** The ultimate sixties experience. Short-term effects: flashing lights, weird noises, breathing walls, nausea, melting skin, outbreaks of fire from the pores, other altered realities. Long-term effects: Grace Slick.

**uptight** A condition which would make John Mitchell feel "at home."

**What's happening?** Common form of greeting. Loose translation: *I don't have anything to do right now. Can I waste your time for a while?*

## WEAR IT PROUDLY, BUT DON'T WEAR IT OUT

AP/WIDE WORLD, UPI



Seriously, what was this all about?

**CARLOS CASTANEDA**  
author of *Journey to Ixtlan* and *The Eagle's Gift*



**SIXTIES MYTH #12**

**THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN: A YAQUI WAY OF KNOWLEDGE**



CARLOS CASTANEDA, IN HIS SERIES OF "Don Juan" books, passed on the teachings of a Mexican mystic to millions of Americans in the sixties. Castaneda counseled them to search for their "place of power" and become warriors in the battle for dominance of one's inner forces. If *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge* seemed a little silly then, it seems like *The Wacky Way of Knowledge* now, since we all know that Don Juan was *not* a Mexican mystic, but Elvis Presley!

According to members of the Memphis mafia, Castaneda spent most of the early sixties with "El" at Grace-land, where they frequently tied lizards to their shoulders and dropped mescaline. Elvis refused to be identified with the mystic, though, out of modesty. "Heck, it's just something I grew up with," he told Castaneda.

**BOB DYLAN: THE VOICE OF A GENERATION**

SURE. BOB DYLAN WROTE SOME GREAT lyrics—nothing like "Hope I Die Before I Get Old" (advice he might well have taken)—but good songs, nevertheless. The critics today say that Dylan has lost his touch, that he no longer speaks for his peer group, that his lyrics are meaningless drivel.

To this we say, "Have you taken a look at his peer group lately?" It's true: Dylan still speaks for them as powerfully as he once did. They're just hopeless wimps now.

Here's Dylan on a recent album, singing with all the conviction and meaning the average forty-year-old day-care attendant might feel:

*Man gave names to all the animals  
In the beginning, long time ago.  
He saw an animal on a hill,  
Chewing grass and getting his fill,  
Saw it giving milk, and he didn't  
know how.  
HMMMM, I think I'll call it a cow.*

Way to go, Bobby! And how about this lyric, in which Dylan speaks for the part of his generation that can't figure out why people are different?

*You might be a VIP,  
You might be a young Turk,  
You might be the head of a big TV  
network,  
You may own some guns,  
You may own some tanks,  
You might own some buildings,  
You might even own some banks!  
But you still gotta Serve Somebody.*

Sure, Bob—advice any waitress might have handed over the counter, but from you it sounds strangely like folk poetry.

Did we see this change coming? Should we have paid more attention when Dylan sang "Don't follow leaders/Watch the parking meters"? Or wrote the number-one come-on line of the sixties, "All I really want to do/Is, baby, be friends with you"? Who knows? Hey, maybe he just burnt out!

Dylan was so much older then. Would that he were younger than that now.

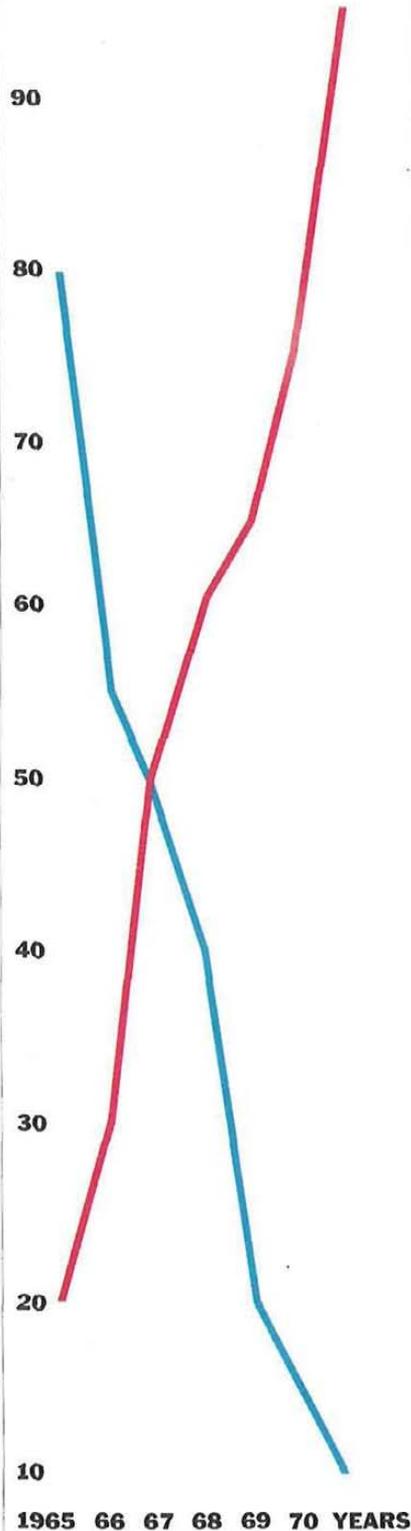


PHIL SCHEUER

**Dylan is living proof that we are all given a limited number of thoughts in our lives.**

**POPULAR? YOU BET!!**

100 POPULARITY POINTS



**Red line** The Beatles  
**Blue line** Jesus

## OWLSLEY REMEMBERS: SOME SIXTIES DRUGS YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN

MOST PEOPLE REMEMBER THE SIXTIES AS the golden age of drug taking, but there was a lot of strange shit being passed around, too. Do you remember these?

**LSMFT** LSMFT was the so-called "really boring drug" of the Summer of Love. Its proponents claimed LSMFT enabled one to remember five items needed at the grocery without writing them down, and helped obtain operator assistance easily. Detractors said it caused night blindness, and could dull razor blades.

**Moocaine** Moocaine slowed down the metabolism to the point where all you wanted to do was stand or lie down in an open field under a warm sun. Drawbacks: Attempting to chew on a non-existent "cud" often resulted in a harsh throat. Occasionally pranksters would run by and "milk" pretty girls on Moocaine.

**SAT** An amphetamine-related substance. Short-term effects included sharpening #2 pencils for hours and filling in circles. Long-term effects from SAT usage: moving away from family and friends to join a "campus," skipping out on long-distance bills at the end of a "semester."

**Boocyclin** Boocyclin was known for a while among the Haight-Ashbury set as "that real scary drug, I took it, man, and I don't know what, I ended up sleeping in this dude's trunk." Boocyclin produced the illusion of being pursued by ghosts who would pop up,

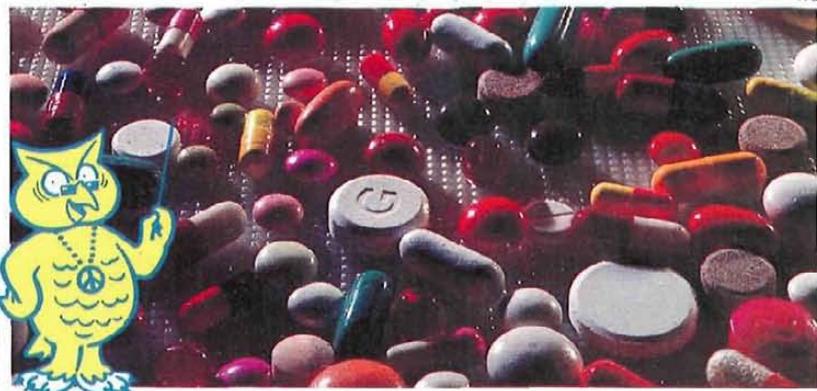
cry "Boo," and then run away laughing. These ghosts were, of course, friends or passersby that the drug transformed into screechy fiends. Ironically, people actually wearing ghost costumes were thought by Boocycliners to be Harry Truman.

**Crescaline** Mescaline with fluoride, Crescaline helped combat tooth decay at a time when many street people spent too much money on drugs and not enough on proper dental care. A mint-striped Crescaline was developed toward the end of 1968.

**Surlycybin mushrooms** These 'shrooms, as people fond of contractions called them, made one act belligerently to librarians, undertip waiters while sneering at them, and cut in front of anyone trying to maneuver into a parking space, even if you didn't want it yourself.

**Taff Hish** The odor of burning Taff Hish closely resembled that of candy. The drug was usually purchased in small chunks that were then "pulled" into lengths of up to two feet before being divided. One effect of Taff Hish some heads experienced: a desire to pull out the Monopoly board and play until 3:00 A.M.

**Megamine** Megamine produced tremendous feelings of clarity, compassion, happiness, wisdom, and a sense of strong inner peace, with none of the roller-coaster effects of LSD. The one drawback was its enormous size. A capsule of megamine measured three feet by six feet by nine feet, and could weigh up to 150 pounds. Many potential users gave up after futilely trying to consume a Megamine capsule in two or three days. (NOT SHOWN)



### SIXTIES MYTH #25

#### MUSIC FESTIVALS—A LOT OF FUN

AT WOODSTOCK IT RAINED CONSTANTLY, and you had to wait hours to go to the bathroom. The girls were ugly and smelled bad; the men had lice in their beards. None of the bands showed up because they were hung over and wanted to order room service in their hotels instead of going outside. So if

you thought you were hearing Jimi Hendrix, you were actually hearing a pizza delivery boy who had brought along a guitar and been forced up onstage. But it didn't matter, because you were too far from the stage to hear anything anyway, or if you were at Altamont you were dead.

AP/WIDE WORLD



## SOME REALLY STUPID NAMES PEOPLE GAVE BANDS IN THE SIXTIES



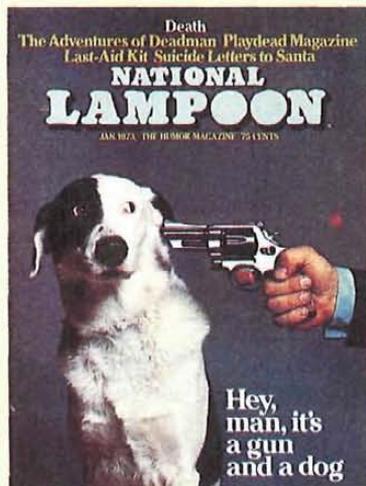
- Jefferson Airplane
- Strawberry Alarm Clock
- 1910 Fruitgum Company
- Vanilla Fudge
- Paisley Welfare Recipients
- Brown Underwears
- Cheezit and the Cops

## SIXTIES MYTH #37

# HOW HIP THE NATIONAL LAMPOON USED TO BE

THE *NATIONAL LAMPOON* WAS founded in 1966 by Doug Kenney and Henry Beard, two former editors of the *Harvard Lampoon* and full-time FBI agents. So great was the paranoia of the era that the *National Lampoon* was founded for the express purpose of having Kenney and Beard monitor the daily activities of Michael O'Donoghue and Chris Miller, who were considered dangerous subversives. However, the ploy backfired when the fledgling humor journal actually started to make money, and everyone decided it would be really neat to live in town houses and eat whatever they wanted.

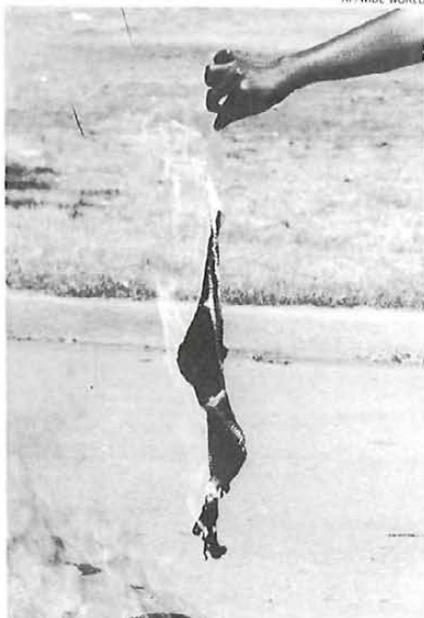
During the late sixties and early seventies, the magazine was staffed entirely by moocaine addicts who frequently went months without publishing a single issue. When the magazine did come forth, it was laid out as if by a drunken longshoreman, and contained many humorous pieces that were actually old recipes lifted from the pages of *Good Housekeeping*.

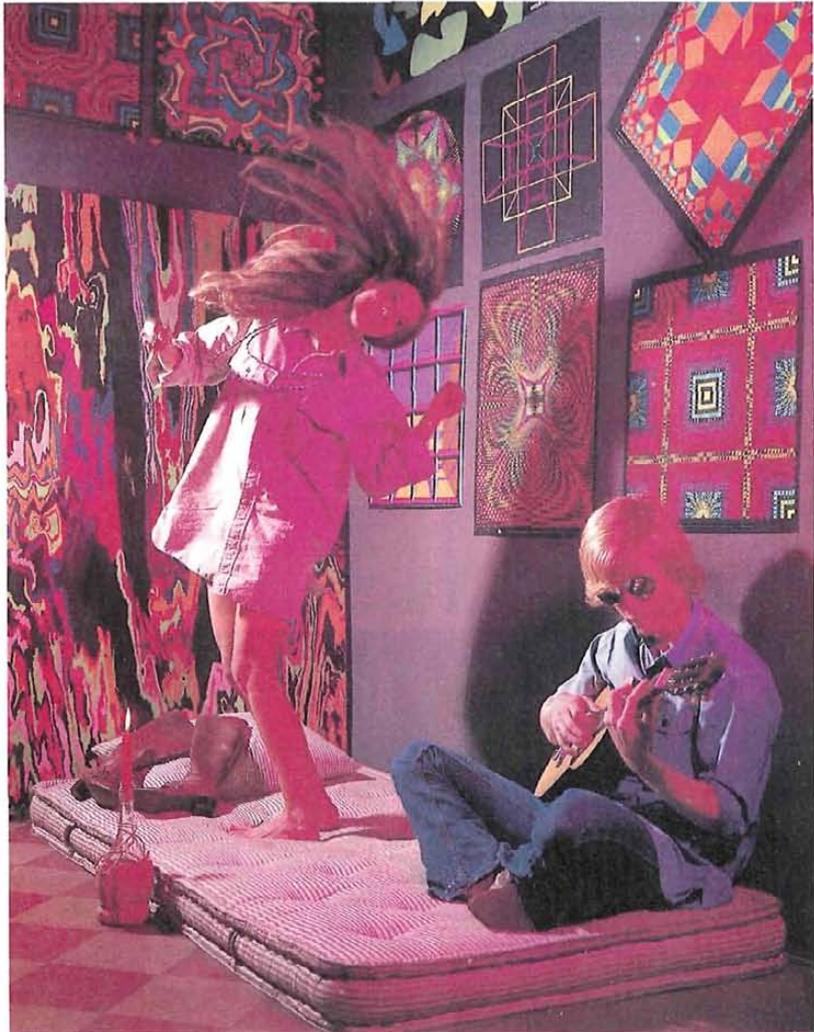


The original caption to this cover. "If You Don't Buy This Magazine, We'll Kill This Dog" was suggested several months later by Tony Hendra's barber. The magazine was reissued and proved highly successful; the barber received no credit whatsoever.

## BURN, BABY, BURN

PYROMANIA GRIPPED THE SIXTIES. Here, a sampling of what must have appeared, at the time, to be effective solutions to complex political issues.





**LISTENING TO YOUR BOYFRIEND PLAY THE GUITAR IS FUN**

HERE, A GIRL VISITING HER BOYFRIEND'S "CRASH PAD" REACHES THE LIMIT, AND begins to bang her head against the wall. Like many male youths of his time, the boy won't notice his girlfriend's unconscious body until he masters the bar chord.

**SIXTIES MYTH #56**

**THE BIRTH OF THE MOTOWN SOUND**

MOTOWN, "THE SOUND OF YOUNG America," was the best music made in the sixties, if not the entire twentieth century, despite the fact that 90 percent of the people responsible for it are now living on food stamps and welfare. (So much for the "people's revolution.")

In fact, Motown's stars were *not* ghetto kids from Detroit, but Canadian lounge acts working the hotels of Windsor, Ontario, when discovered by Berry Gordy, a cunning black Detroit entrepreneur. It was Gordy who took the slick but unexciting groups

with names like the Superlatives, the Incentives, the Four Singers, and William Robinson and the Paranormals and turned them into the Supremes, the Temptations, the Four Tops, and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

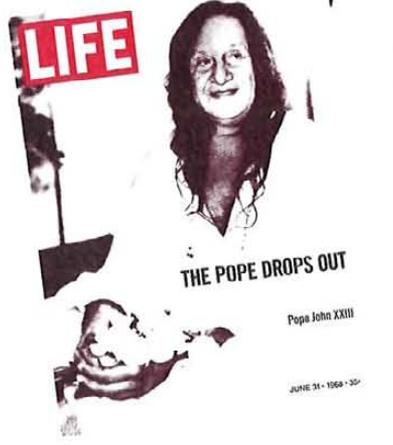
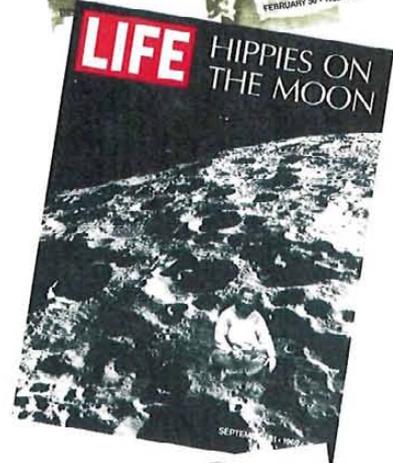
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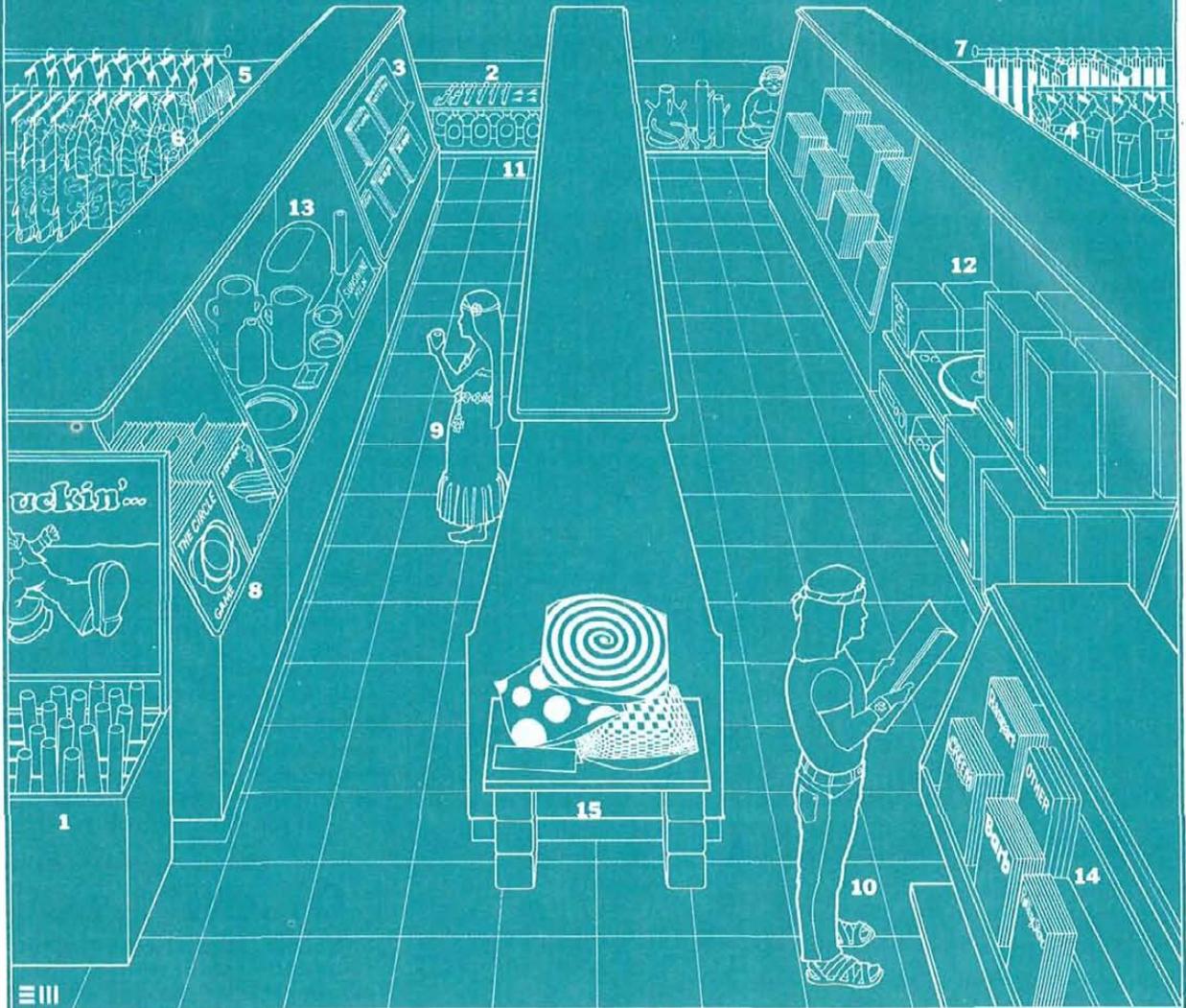
**LIFE COVERS THE SIXTIES: THE THREE WORST**

EVERYONE REMEMBERS THE FAMOUS *LIFE* covers of the sixties; on those slick pages our very lives were captured in arresting graphic detail. *Life* had a magical hold on the fast-breaking trends of those halcyon days: psychedelics, topless wear, race relations, the astronauts, the Pill.

Of course, even *Life* missed once in a while. Who can remember the three worst *Life* covers of the sixties?



# HEADS "R" US



The ultimate sixties head shop/franchise concept. Alas, it went the way of Here's Johnny restaurants and Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips.

- 1. Posters.** Available in black light, Day-Glo, and Humphrey Bogart.
- 2. Paraphernalia.** Including sign reading "We Do Not Condone the Use of This Merchandise for the Consumption of Illegal Substances."
- 3. Underground Comix.** Who can resist? A high-profit-margin item, since the artists were paid squat.
- 4. Authentic Army Surplus Shirts and Pants.** "See? It says 'Authentic' right on the label."
- 5. Leather Belts and Fringe Vests.** Clothing that spins around all by itself.
- 6. Authentic Mexican Peasant Blouses.** Perfect for wearing to a Cesar Chavez backyard barbecue.
- 7. Indian Headbands.** When you're into an Indian "head," you know?
- 8. Used-Record Bin.** Hey, if you're finished with it, why not just pass it on?
- 9. Chick.** Also comes with granny glasses.
- 10. Dude.** Says up to ten clever things, including "Have you seen my old lady, man?"
- 11. Scented Massage Oil.** Sixties version of "A little dab'll do ya."
- 12. Full Selection of Scratchy Stereos.** Every stereo comes equipped with a quarter taped to the tone arm.
- 13. Ceramics.** They're natural!
- 14. Underground Newspapers.** Later to become "sea-level" newspapers, later to become "rags."
- 15. Op Art Pillows.** Make your head go "boink" when you lie on them.

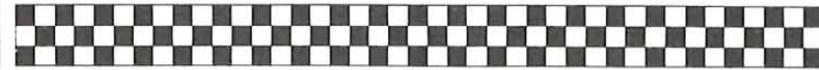
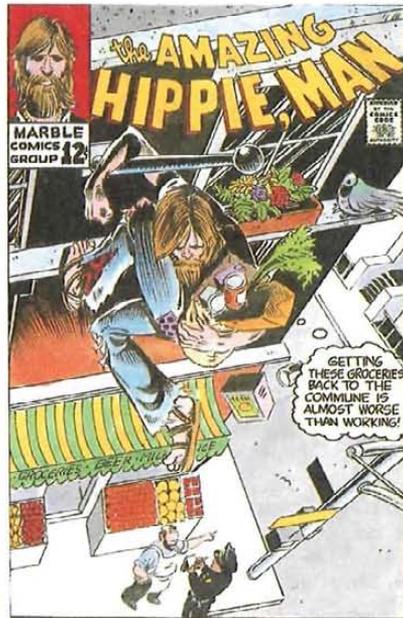
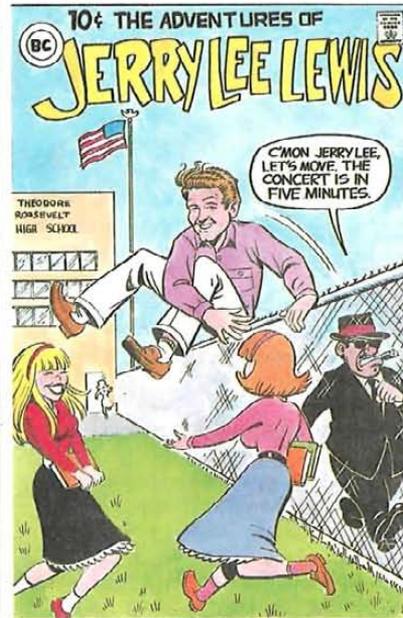
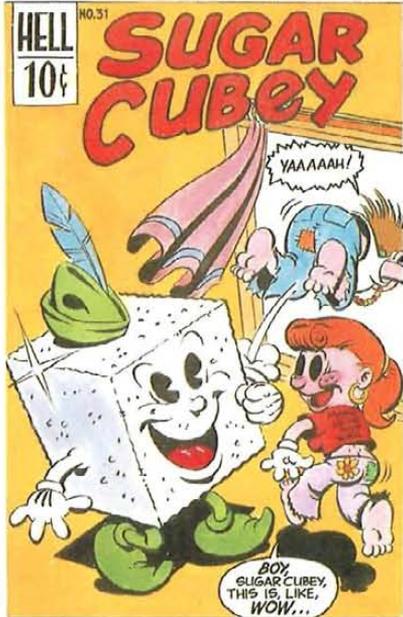
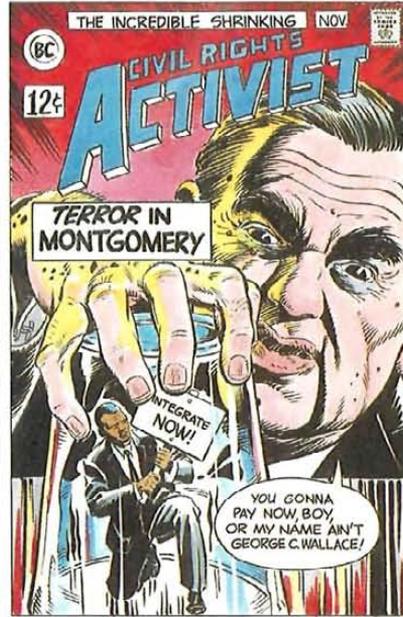
**Not Shown:** Cat, incense burners, and Levi jackets with the names of bands painted on the back.



# IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S ASKING ME FOR SUBWAY FARE

THE SIXTIES OFFERED THE ANTIHERO, featured often in films and novels, and even in the pages of comic books. Unlike the traditional hero, the antihero did not always believe in the rules of society, uphold virtue, or even have a job. Sometimes the story was halted in

the middle while the characters begged for spare change on the streets. Other times the characters slept for hours, then got up and reheated a pizza, or took drugs and listened to the refrigerator rumble. Do you remember these sixties antiheroes?



# REASONABLE RESPONSES TO STUPID SIXTIES BELIEFS



**Simon and Garfunkel: Untalented, very annoying.**

**Belief:** If you give everyone enough space, man, and everyone does his own thing, why, then it's really beautiful.

**Response:** If everyone does his own thing, then eventually someone is going to get hit over the head with a tire iron and bleed to death in someone else's space.

**Belief:** War is unhealthy for children and other living things.

**Response:** If their names are Sunshine or Free, they're going to grow up to be worthless trash anyway, so why not send them to the front lines now?

**Belief:** Simon and Garfunkel are really good. Their songs are quite meaningful.

**Response:** No, they are very bad. You are quite stupid. Get away from me, or I will hit you with this tire iron.

# HOT AND A LOT

IN 1967, THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, frustrated by market research studies indicating that the younger generation found soup to be "uncool, unless it has a lot of drugs in it" and "a weapon of the Establishment, just like sandwiches," hired Mick and Bianca Jagger to serve as the *new* Campbell Kids. So much interest was generated that a Saturday-morning cartoon series was developed with the two as members of a rock group, fighting crime in outer space.

PHIL SCHEUER



## NEW WINE, OLD SKINS, AND FINE, FINE MUSIC

NO CIVILIZATION IN THE HISTORY OF man has been able to find as many uses for old Chianti bottles as the sixties counterculture. Among the variations:

- Candle holder
- Bong
- Ashtray
- Instrument for authentic Italian jug-band music
- Blunt instrument to "keep the old man/lady in line"



## THE SECRET MESSAGES IN THE LYRICS OF THE MONKEES!

THE MONKEES WERE VERY CONCERNED that their generation was heading down the WRONG PATH, and often took time out of their busy schedules to write songs about it.

That people ignored the Monkees' inner messages and paid attention to songs like "Elusive Butterfly" and "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" is hard to believe. Let's take a look at some of the more provocative lyrics.

*Last Train to Clarksville.* Mickey Dolenz, early in the Monkees' career, worked out an intricate system of lyrical symbolism, which operated on the principle of using the first letter from each word of the song title as a representative of some other abbreviation. In "Clarksville," his lyric sheet looked like this:

L T C  
S H B  
D C S

The song warned young people that, if they took LSD and THC, they might end up working for CBS, a network that did *not* carry the Monkees.

## BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT!



EDDIE POSON

*Daydream Believer.* See, the system works:

D D B  
D E A  
T S D

Mike Nesmith and Davy Jones were telling people that many drugs being used, like DDT and DES, were B-A-D. 'Nuff said!

*I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone.* The Monkees were nearing the end of their whirlwind days at the top, and still produced the most ambitious of their secret codes by breaking the three-letter motif.

I N Y S S  
C A A T T  
B T L A I  
M O T L N  
A I K  
N O  
!

And people thought Dylan's "Masters of War" was heavy! In this song,

the Monkees are clearly pointing the finger of blame at Truman, Churchill, and the founders of NATO for making the West the "stepping stones" of Soviet aggression!

Of course, the Monkees had their fun, too—but they were never far from the hard-hitting edge in their music. Even their "novelty" song, "Gonna Buy Me a Dog," if played backwards, carries the message "Turn me on, Mr. Kirshner," a reference to their guru Don Kirshner, who later created two seminal groups of the seventies: the Archies, and Josie and the Pussycats.



There are buried treasures in here, for those who care enough to listen.

## SIXTIES MYTH #73

### THE COOLNESS OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD

"...I HANDED GARCIA THE HIT OF ACID. He stared at it for a while and then asked, 'What the hell is this stuff?'"

"Acid, man," I responded. "You know, LSD."

He laughed at me and threw the tab over his shoulder. "Hell's bells, sailor, you think we take that shit? We got a band to run here, and I've got a ninety-three appointment with my accountant tomorrow morning. Get me a Bromo, fast."

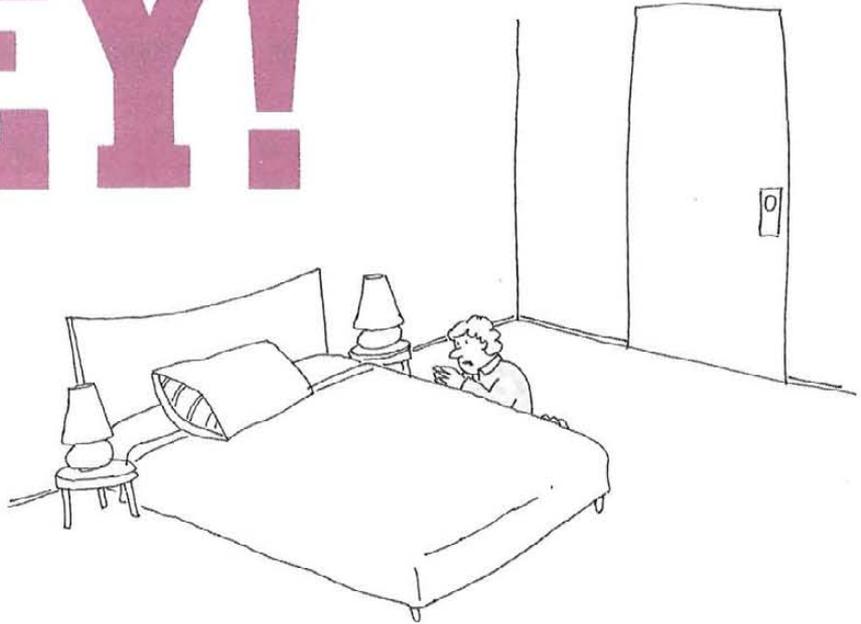
—From *I Was Jerry Garcia's Butt Boy*  
by Vinnie De Mano



"We can deduct the women, we can deduct the wine."

# JOY VEY!

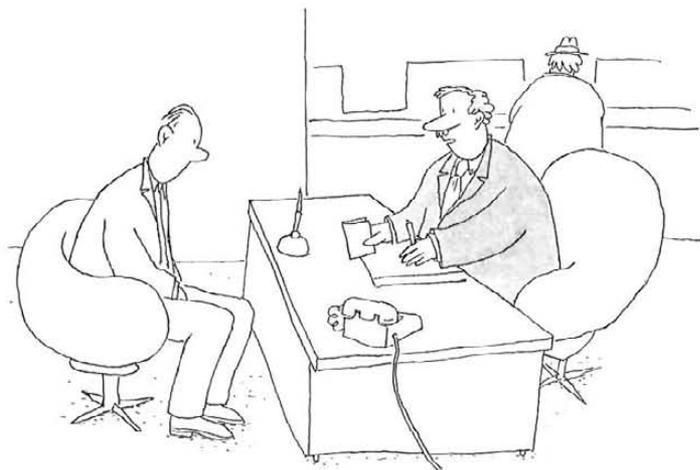
BY P. C. VEY



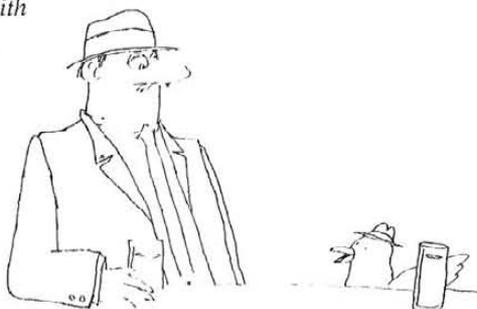
*"... And bless Mommy and Daddy, even though they defile the earth with their very existence."*



*"You're a piece of scum, Bob.... I like that in an employee."*

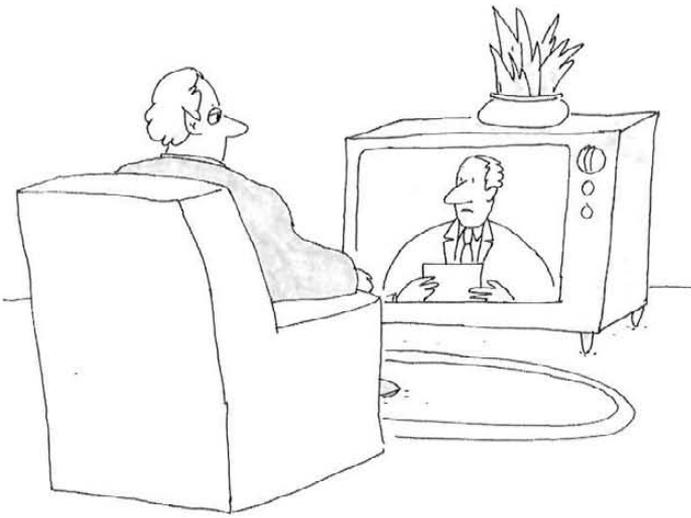


*"Well, yes, perhaps if I hadn't thrown all your records into the garbage and scribbled all over your passbook with a black-felt-tip marker, we wouldn't be having these problems, but that's all water under the bridge now."*



*"Sure. It's called 'The Bird Hat Store,' just down the block and east a ways."*

*"I met this whore, and she said it was stupid being married to you, so I'm going to go live with her and all the other whores."*



*"... And so this big guy ran up to this small guy, and you'll never believe what he did—he beat the living bejesus out of him.... Do you believe it? He beat the living bejesus out of him...."*



*"Your urine specimen's okay, but your stool tastes horrible."*



*"Better call your wife, Bob—I just helped four guys rape and beat her in front of your children."*



*"Let me put it this way: Have you ever had sexual relations with a chunky, squirrel-like creature known for its ability to live at high altitudes?... No, wait, let me put it another way..."*



*"O'Connor, you were fired two months ago. For chrissake, go beg on the street!"*



*"If you don't want me to call you a faggot, why do you keep going down on me?"*

# Every Boy's Guide to His Own Rat Pack

**I**T ALL STARTED WHEN my stupid little brother stepped on my Walkman and crushed it. I was so pissed. Mom said he'd have to pay for it out of his allowance, but he only gets twenty-five cents a week, so it'd be two years before I could even listen to my Def Leppard tape again. All there was left to do was watch TV.

One night, about 3:00 A.M., the only thing on was "Mary Tyler Moore," which is totally pukey, or this movie with Frank Sinatra. We're the only people on the block who don't have cable, which is really a bummer, and I know why. Mom says it'd just give me a chance to watch the dirty stuff, and she doesn't want me "exposed" to it. Like I don't already know that stuff anyway. Anyway I go over to Jason's house and watch it over there while his mom's at work. This is how weird Jason is: he'd rather play Space Invaders.

Anyway, so this Frank Sinatra movie comes on, and it's real strange. It's called *Ocean's 11*, or something. Like all these guys in suits and stuff. But they were kind of cool—kind of new wave, like my older brother would like to look, but he doesn't, 'cause he's such a pizza face. Okay, so there's these eleven guys, who used to be in the same Army battalion together, and they all decide



Illustration: Stephen Kroninger



to pull a heist on Las Vegas. The other cool thing is that there's hardly any girls in the movie, except it seems like about every twenty minutes some blond women have to come in and massage these guys' necks. Then the guys snap their fingers and the girls just leave. None of the girls I know would ever do that. They always want to talk to you, like when you're trying to concentrate on playing Frogger or something. So I figured these guys were so cool that girls would just naturally want to climb all over them. That's what made me start thinking about how I could get all my friends organized into kind of like a real cool gang so that girls would just be totally blown away. It'd be neat to be different like that, too, like instead of wearing the same old members-only jackets and Adidas, we could

get sharkskin suits and those pointy-toe shoes that make you look superbad. I mean, you probably wouldn't have to stand in line to play Robotron at all at the arcade, guys'd just get out of your way. You could take over your whole neighborhood and pull a heist on the 7-Eleven or something.

The other thing I decided was that my room was a real baby room. I mean, you never saw Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin in this movie in a room with bunk beds. No way. The places they lived in were real cool with all this furniture that looks sort of like the Jetsons, I mean, they didn't have rock posters on the wall. They sat around drinking Scotch and smoking cigarettes all the time. With a room like that, girls'd think you were so cool they'd feel obligated to rip their clothes off. You could tell them you were fourteen and they'd believe you.

So, the next day, after school, Jason and Mark and Shawn and me went to hang out in the alley behind the mini-mall, like usual, and I told them about the movie and how it gave me this idea.

Jason is this total computer nerd, I mean, his mom still buys all his clothes for him at Penney's. I mean, if he wasn't my best friend, I probably wouldn't even talk to him. So when I started talking about getting together a gang—like in the movie, they called themselves the Rat Pack, which sounds *really bitchin'*—Jason says, "Would we have to have leather jackets? 'Cause if we have to wear leather jackets, I can't do it 'cause I already asked my mom for a leather jacket and she said she wasn't

# I told Jason to forget the suits and just think of a good heist to pull. He goes, "What's a heist?"

gonna buy a leather jacket for someone who grows three inches every six months." I told him it was better than any old leather jacket—I told him the idea about the suits. Wrong. Jason's the only guy in the neighborhood who has to go to Sunday school. His mom married this weird guy who's a born-again Baptist or something, and they make him wear this polyester plaid suit on Sundays that makes him look like a clown. El Grosso, I'm not kidding. Like once even some mean guys from Wilson (the junior high we're supposed to go to if we live to be twelve) found out about it and rode their bikes over to his house one Sunday and waited for him to come out just so they could laugh at him. Jason cried, and I've only seen him cry once before, when his stupid stepdad made him go to this stupid Christian summer camp instead of computer camp like everyone else.

Anyway, when I told him about the suit idea, he flipped out. So I told him to forget the suit right now, he just had to think of a good heist for us to pull. He goes, "What's a heist?" I go, "Jason, you are such a spaz. A heist is like a rip-off." Mark goes, "I don't know, we could get in trouble..." I said, "God, Mark, don't you want to have *any* fun? We could rip off a 7-Eleven or something, like real cool gangsters, a whole kid mafia, it'd be neat." Then Shawn goes—God, I can't believe he's so dumb—he goes, "You have to be Italian to be in the Mafia." I go, "Nuh-huh, not anymore." "Anyway," Shawn goes, "my cousin Steve tried to hold up a 7-Eleven once, and now he's in jail for like

a billion years." So Mark pipes up, "Like anyway, where are we gonna get a gun?" I said, "That's just the thing. If we do this right, we won't even need guns."

What we had to do was plan the perfect crime, but we couldn't do that until we got the right stuff to wear. Everyone agreed it'd be pretty cool to have like a gang and wear the same clothes so people'd think we were real bad.

**W**E WEREN'T SURE where we were going to get these outfits until Jason said there was a rummage sale at his church on Saturday.

All these old ladies at the rummage sale got real excited when Jason came in with us guys. They figured (a) it was a sure sign Jason was gonna ask to be born again soon and (b) he was talking us guys into it too so that (c) we could all wear these suits to church. They sold us all these clothes for like a quarter or something.

We took 'em home and tried 'em on. They almost fit and they looked real cool. Shawn was being a real baby about it, especially after this one old lady told him the suit he got had belonged to her son when he was a kid, before he went off to Vietnam and got killed. He said he didn't want to wear a dead guy's clothes, but I told him he couldn't be in the gang if he didn't wear the suit, so he shut up.

So we were all sitting around in the living room with these suits on and stuff. Suddenly Shawn goes, "Well, whatta we do *now*, Mr. Brain?" I could tell by the way he said "Mr. Brain" that he meant something else. I told him if he didn't put his Coke on a coaster my mom'd kick my butt. Then I said, "Next, we get the girls."

"GIRLS!?!?" said Jason, and he made this throw-up noise. Jason skipped a grade, so he doesn't know about girls yet. "Yeah," I said, "girls. This is the good part. We get some girls to be like practically our slaves. We're gonna have a club in the garage and they have to stay outside and only come in when we snap our fingers and sneak us Cokes from the house, and pour our drinks and rub our necks."

"RUB our NECKS!?!?" Jason screamed. He was turning purple, he really was. Mark said, "Yeah, maybe they'll rub something else, too." Shawn started giggling, and we finally had to

hit him to make him stop.

I said, "See, in the movie, the girls only came around when you wanted them. And they always wore sexy clothes and stuff. That makes sense, *doesn't it?*" Shawn agreed. Mark said, "Oh boy!" Jason made this weird face. I said to Mark, "You've got a sister, right?" He said she was a creep. I said, "Yeah, but she's got friends, *right?*" "Yeah, but they all hate me since I gave her Brooke Shields doll a Mohawk." God, Mark always does stuff like that, I swear. Shawn said, "My cousin is staying with us while her mom is going to real estate school. She made friends with these girls down the street. They're at my house all the time. I bet we could get them to do it."

We went over to Shawn's house. Luckily my mom was at work, so she wasn't around to get suspicious. On the way, some kids saw us and were so blown away by our suits they just stared.

"See!!!" said Jason. "This is too weird. They think we're crazy."

"Are you nuts?" I said. "They're scared of us 'cause we look so bad."

What happened next didn't help my argument. We got to Shawn's house and went directly to the backyard, where his cousin was with her three friends. They started laughing at us right away. This was a problem. Jason started turning that purple color again. I told him to cool out, because girls just weren't used to seeing really totally cool guys like us.

"What's so funny?" I said.

"What's so *funny?*" said Shawn's dorky cousin. Her name is Kim, which is like a dork name, right? "You only look like you're from outer space."

"I guess that means you don't want to join our club," I said.

"WHAT CLUB?" they all asked at once.

"Wouldn't you like to *know,*" I said.

"No, come on, you guys," said Kim, "what club?" I mean, she *whined*. If I whined like that, my mom'd threaten to jerk me baldheaded, whatever that means.

I told them about everything but the heist. How we saw this movie about these cool guys who hung out together drinking Scotch and they had to have cool girls around to pour their drinks and stuff.

"Well, what else?" whined Kim again.

"Yeah," piped up one of her creepy

**"This is the good part," I said. "We get some girls to pour us drinks and rub our necks and stuff."**

friends. "Is that *all?*"

"Okay," I said. I wanted to save the good part for last. "You get to rub our necks."

Well, that didn't go over real big. Kim went, "EEEEWWW, GO-ROSS! ACCKK!!" Then she made all these throw-up noises, which I thought was pretty rude, since we'd just asked them if they wanted to join *our* club. Jason started muttering about what he was going to do to me when we got back to his house. Mark just looked at me, and Shawn was pretending he didn't really know me after all. One of the other girls said she'd rather rub Mr. T's whole head than even *touch* us. I couldn't believe how uncool they were.

One of Kim's friends was this girl who was in my class at school, Winona Babcock. I knew our rep as vicious dudes was shot if she didn't go along with it. Luckily, she didn't have too many friends, and she wore glasses, kind of nerdy ones. I looked at her and I said, "Aw, who cares what creepy girls do anyway. Boys rule."

She hadn't said anything the whole time, but she suddenly went, "Nuh-uh. You lie. Girls are better than boys. What'll you give me if I join your club?"

I looked at Shawn and he looked at me. Mark kind of squinted at her. Jason said, "Give her? Give her? We're supposed to give her something to be in *our* club? *Jeezus.*" I knew he was getting into it now, 'cause he only says "Jesus" when he's really mad, and then his mom locks him in his room if she hears him.

Winona said, "Yeah. As like, a bonus." This was getting more complicated every minute.

I had to think fast. I said, "Uh, well, you get to, uh, wear really cool clothes, too, like...like..."

"Like Ginger on 'Gilligan's Island?'" she said.

"Yeah!" I said. "Like Ginger."

"Yeah, well, where am I gonna get these really cool clothes?"

"Same place we got ours. At the rummage sale over at that church on Felton Street."

"Who pays?" she said, looking kind of beady-eyed.

"Okay," I said, "here's a dollar. Meet us back at my garage. That's our clubhouse."

Kim and the other girls said to her, "Ew, you're really gonna *do* it?" She said to them, "Fuck you. I'm tired of Smurfs." Then she

left with my dollar.

**B**ACK AT MY HOUSE. WE STARTED working on the garage. My mom'd already thrown a lot of cool stuff in there that was my grandmother's before she died. She had tried to have a garage sale, but nobody even bought anything, not even the Laotian refugees who all came about ten to a car, in beat-up Rivas. It was perfect.

Just as we were arranging the furniture, Winona showed up. We hardly recognized her. She was wearing a whole bunch of makeup and high heels and this *dress!* She didn't look so nerdy anymore. She looked like she could have been at least fourteen. She even had...boobs. That was funny, because I didn't remember her having them before. I guess it was because she'd always looked kind of dorky.

All the other guys just stared. It took me a minute before I could talk, but finally I said, "Uh, okay, you can go in the house and get us all Cokes, but make sure you pour them in those real tall glasses."

"You mean *highball* glasses?" she said.

"Uh, yeah," I said. "Yeah, that's what I mean."

"About a finger apiece?"

"Huh?" I said.

She said, "Never mind, I'll get them." She left and Jason said, "Boy, she sure looks *different.*"

"Yeah," said Shawn.

"Yeah!" said Mark.

"Okay, you guys," I said. "How are

we gonna pull this heist?"

"What are we gonna knock over?" said Jason. He was really getting into it.

"How about the Moto-Cross store?" said Shawn.

"Too big," I said. "There aren't enough of us."

"How about the Chuckie Cheese over in the big mall?" said Mark.

"No way," said Jason. "We'd have to get someone's mom to drive us over there, and she'd probably suspect us when we came running out with all the money. Anyway, someone already tried that, and they threw a hot pizza at him, and he got his face all burned."

"I know," I said. "How about that old mall over in Garden Village? The one where almost everything is closed down, except ... except the video arcade!!!"

"Yeah!" said Mark.

"Yeah!" said Shawn.

"Yeah!" said Jason.

"Are you crazy?" said Winona. She'd been listening the whole time at the door. All the guys made fart noises.

"I told you we didn't need girls," said Jason.

She came in and served us our Cokes, just a little bit in each glass so it'd look like Scotch, off this tray I didn't even know we had.

"You did say on the rocks, didn't you?" she said. I looked at Shawn and he looked at me. "Yeah," he said. "Right. On the rocks."

She sat down and said, "How are you gonna pull this off, anyway? You'll get caught if you don't plan *everything*. What's your m.o.? Have you planned

the getaway?"

All the guys looked at her and looked at me. Girls. They spoil everything. "Well, I, uh..." I began.

She said, "It's not a bad idea. Some Koreans run that place. They think all white kids look alike. They'd never be able to identify you in a police lineup..."

"Police lineup?" said Jason.

"... But how are you going to make them give you the money? They've got a big Plexiglas screen around the change booth. Anyway, who's got the gun?"

"Gun?" said Mark.

"Gun?" said Shawn.

"My stepdad," said Jason. "He's got about thirty of them. He's a total gun freak."

"Could be too risky," said Winona.

I said, "I know. In the movie, they caused a power failure in Las Vegas, and knocked over all the casinos, real easy."

"Ocean's 11, right?" said Winona.

"Yeah!" I said. I was surprised. "You saw it?"

"Only about forty-seven times. I taped it. I figured that's what you were trying to do here."

Jason said, "Well, I could find the fuse box and blow the fuses."

Mark said, "And we could run in and stand on each other's shoulders and get over the top of the Plexiglas shield, and jump on the guy in the booth in the dark, and get the money."

Winona said, "I can drive."

We all looked at her.

"Oh, huh," said Mark.

"I can *too*. My dad taught me how already. On weekends I stay with him, and we practice in the parking lot of that closed-down K mart on Sports Arena Boulevard."

"How are you gonna get a car?" said Jason. He didn't believe it.

"My mom goes out with this dumb guy a lot. He always drives. She leaves the car at home. I already drove it around the block, once. I'll have it back before she even gets home."

This was sounding better and better. We worked out the rest of the details and set the date. The following Thursday afternoon, if Winona could get the car.

**T**HE DAY OF THE BIG HEIST, WE were all ready. I'd already been over the arcade to check it out. It couldn't have been more perfect. The Plexiglas shield around the change booth was just low enough so that if I stood on Shawn's shoulders, I could climb over and surprise the guy. Winona agreed that if she went in it would be too suspicious, since there's hardly ever any girls in video arcades.

Jason had already staked out the fuse box. Shawn and I had practiced standing on each other's shoulders in the clubhouse. Mark was going to stand by to catch the money when we tossed it over the top. Winona was going to wait in the car outside the mall entrance. It was about 250 feet from the arcade door to the front door of the mall.

It couldn't have been more perfect. This mall was almost deserted. They didn't have any mall guards there anymore because the only stores left open were a beauty-supply place, a place that sold only rainbow stuff (barf), and a thermos boutique. I used to go to this mall 'cause they had a Puppyland but they got closed down by the health department because the dogs were dying right in the windows in front of everyone. It was kind of gross. After that, the whole mall went kind of downhill.

Winona came and picked us up from in front of the 7-Eleven, where we had all agreed to meet. The car was totally bagged out. It was a '67 Plymouth Valiant station wagon. It was just barely running. I said, "Are you sure this car will get us there?"

"Are you kidding?" she said. "This is totally the most awesome cruisemobile ever."

Shawn whispered in my ear, "You're the one who wanted her to rub your neck!" I hit him, and he shut up.

She dropped us off at the mall entrance. I said to the guys, "Okay, you know what to do."

Jason ran around to the back of the  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



# Equalriders

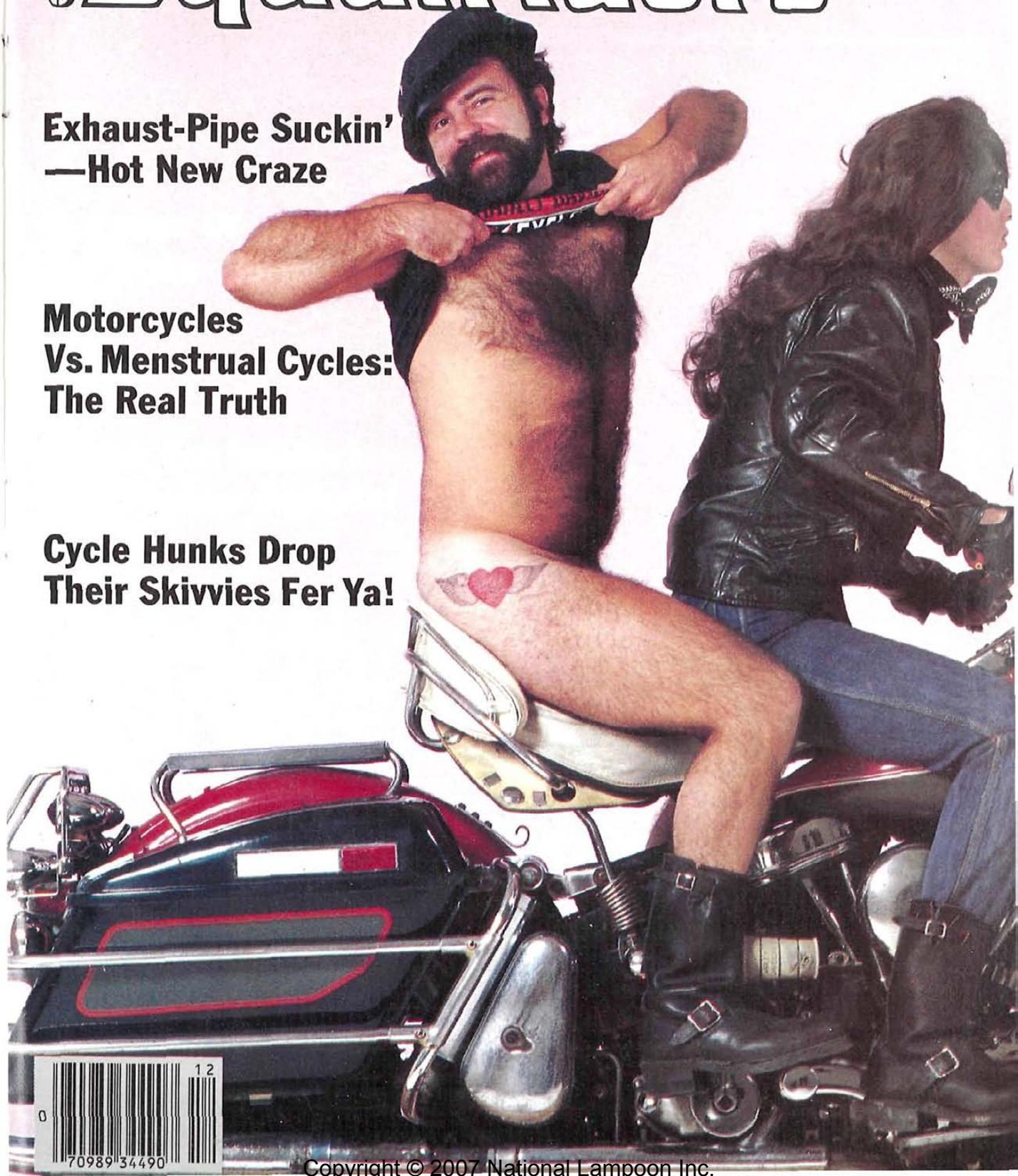
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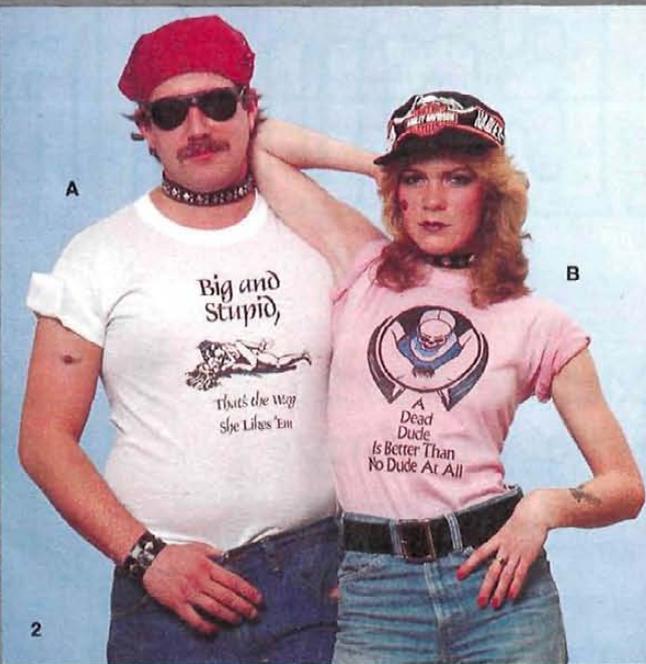
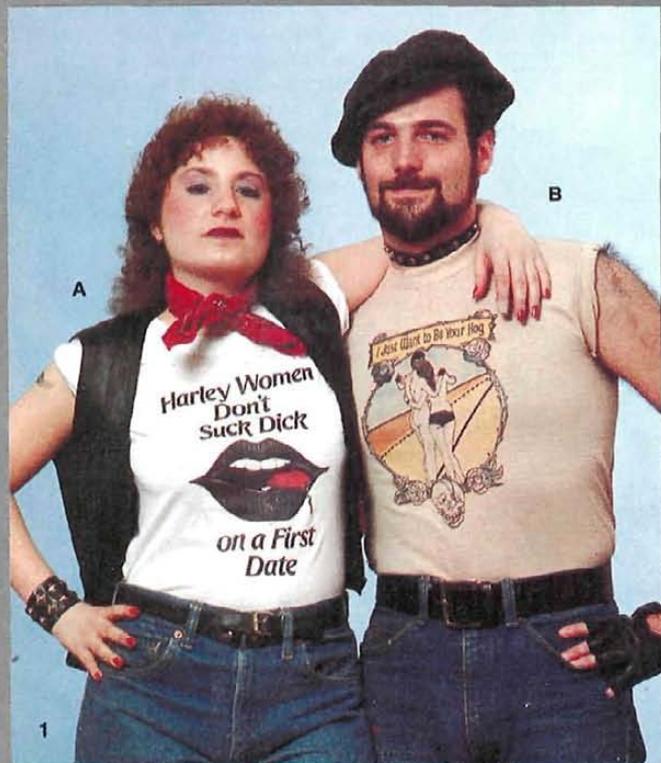
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# Soap yer bitch



This is yer chance to pitch yer bitch, as this space will be reserved for our readers who write down their gripes about feds, cages, dudes, and other bad news that has 'em mad as hell and spoutin' off. However, as this is our first issue of *Equalriders*, this space has been devoted to the thoughts of our Editors, to share with all of you the philosophy and spirit of this magazine.

## Get Thee Behind Me, Nutsack!

They've been road-hoggin' life fer too long. Who? Dudes, that's who. Face it: there's been gallons of lip-rot about pricks makin' their ol' ladies ride behind 'em all the time. Fer too long dudes have been nothin' but self-made S.W.A.T. 'n' T.W.A.T. teams comin' down on any righteous sis they can find—makin' 'em ride behind, makin' 'em lick their dix, makin' 'em heat the beans, makin' 'em clean up, makin' 'em sew skull patches on their funky jockstraps. Well, those daze are dead 'n' gone.

*Equalriders* celebrates the female biker in all her glory, and her natural superiority to the male biker. After

all, do ya know any dudes who can get their rocks off just by takin' a little putt downtown? No way. The lamesters gotta be stroked, blown, and banged—somethin' yer hard-pressed ta do at 95 mph. But all any sis has ta do is jump on her hog for a couple of miles and, sittin' at the proper angle, get off till the cows come home without ever havin' to stop. I'm tellin' ya, when yer tryin' ta make time on yer machine every second counts, and it pays in aces and spades to take yer pleasures *with ya* without the danger of smearin' yerself all over the six-lane. If chicks were Harleys, they'd say we had built-in efficiency and clutch-

free overdrive.

Pussy power does take the lead over all those nutsacks who tried ta lord it over us all those years. Enjoy the spectacle. 'cause now you can lay back and watch 'em grow curds on their cranks and croak while yer still rubbin' rumps with the lap of luxury.

We at *Equalriders* believe it's time to grab those squirrels by their nuts and put 'em in second position. All the righteous sisses on their Harley-Daviddaughters agree with me: pricks are okay for two things, and only one of 'em is any fun. So, keep those lamester nutsacks in their place: behind ya. —Lockjaw

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The next tit-ticklin' issue of this rag  
can be had for a song at that time of the month,  
next month and every month till yer too old to care.



Cover photo of Keesta by Slammette Wiggins

Motorcycle and parts: Horn's Cycle Service, Brooklyn, N.Y. Nice hogs 'n' boss dudes.  
Delivery: Cycle Caddy, Queens, N.Y. You're all right, Hoss, even if you are a guy.

# WORDMUTHA

## Period Peace

**Wimmen**, we all know there's nothin' to beat cramps like a long ride on yer hog. Somethin' about those vibrations that jes' sets yer plumbin' at ease. However, sometimes even when it doesn't feel like a rival M.C. gang is havin' a rumble in yer uterus, yer brain is on the rag. Ya get short-tempered and ya lose yer biker-mama cool. Why, I remember bein' so cranky on the road that when this dick in a cage pulled a left in front of me without usin' his signal, I forced him off the road, made him get out of his cage, and pistol-whipped him till his face looked like cherry Jell-O. Then I suddenly realized that I'd lost my temper. Sure, it's okay to take action on some lamester when yer totally righteous—it's another thing, however, to let your hormones take the driver's seat. One exception to that rule is if yer ol' man won't eatcha when yer on the rag. Your beef is righteous whether it comes from the heart or from a whole mess o' hormones. Any guy that's afraid of a hair pie with a little extra sauce *should* get the shit beat outta him.

Flo Heavy  
Toxic, Tex.

## Fat Sissy

Thumbs up to *Equalriders*. Thanx for the pictorial spread on grossly fat dudes in your November issue—lots of us biker chicks really get off on a guy who's as big as our hogs.  
Big Betty  
Seward, Alaska

## Get 'Em While They're Young

I'm an 18-year-old college boy at Yale who's never been on a motorcycle. Yet every time I see or hear one, I start to think of how it would feel sitting on the back of one of them (behind some charming young lady). Just thinking about it sets my blood boiling. It's more exciting than reading Jane Austen. I dream of going

across the States on one of them with some "bad-ass mama" who could teach me more in a single night than a whole semester here at Yale. My problem is I'm shy and none of the women at Yale ride hogs. How can I make my dream come true? Am I just crazy for thinking of it?

Chauncey  
Rippington-Hardy  
Princeton, N.J.

■ If you're real serious, ya little faggot, you'll quit dreamin', toss yer books out the window, drop outta school, and go hang out in a biker-chicks' bar. P.S. And another thing, Chauncey. You don't qualify unless you've got at least eight throbbing inches to give.

## Blushit

Thanx for that great article, "Makeup Tips for the Road—Cosmetics That Stand Up in a Strong Wind." I didn't even know that Maybelline made a 30-weight eyeliner, or that Harley oil was a good winter moisturizer—though it don't surprise me. One thing's fer sure—my M.C. gang, White Trash Laydees, all agree: Cover Girl's "CheapChick BlueJob" is the *only* eyeshadow for us.  
Thrustin' Judy  
Hot Springs, Ark.

## Pucker Fuck

That dick in your October "Poke of the Month" feature looks like he ate out a lemon before the photographer shot him. Don'tcha have any shots of him smilin'?

"Fingers" McPhail  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

■ Who's lookin' at his face?

## Pillsbury Beef Jerk-Off

Those Slim Jim recipes earned you another year's subscription order. That shit is jes' what I bin lookin' for—the Slim Jim spaghetti and the Slim Jim meat loaf are what the rug rats are screamin' for now! Plus they're so easy to make that my ol' man can

make 'em and not fuck 'em up, so I don't have to slam him around like I usually do.

Frenchie O'Rourke  
Brady Lake, Ill.

## Chrome in Yer Pants

After readin' yer mag fer months an' gettin' off on chicks on cycles, I bin wonderin' about Putt Slut Susi, yer managing editor. Does she have a high-back cobra seat, a 98-cu.-in. throbber, and fatbob split tanks? I fantasize about her parts all the time. What I'm sayin' is I'd really like ta smooth-bore her.

Pete "Dicknose" Harrington  
Beaver Creek, Colo.

■ I'm bored already. Go fuck yerself.

## Clit Power

I left yer September issue turned to the article "Kickstarts—Cycle Chicks Need Foreplay Too" on our bedside table, hopin' the ol' man'd take a hint. Then I remembered the stupid fuck can't read—so I read it to him and showed him exactly where my ignition is. Thanks, *Equalriders*.

Katy "Shotgun" Midkiff  
Barstow, Calif.

## Dick Tracer

For a long time now, my ol' lady has been tellin' me that I go from zero to sixty in under ten seconds. In bed, that is. Feels fine to me, but she keeps bitchin' about it. So I was wonderin' if anyone knows where I can get cock rings. No, not like the ones you use to keep yer hard-on, but the ones that pierce the tip of yer cock. My ol' lady is after my ass ta get one, along with the interchangeable French ticklers that clip onto the ring. I saw 'em in yer mag a while back but I can't find 'em now.

Shotgun  
Beeville, La.

## Pig Country

I was wonderin' if anybody wanted to swap a real fat dude for my ol' man, Lester. Don't

git me wrong. Lester is okay as far as nutsacks go, but he's developed this problem I just can't overlook anymore. See, ever since he started workin' out at the gym with weights and stuff, he's been droppin' the pounds like there's no tomorrow. I feel for Lester 'cause of his body, but now he's losin' those nice big chunks of fat around his buns, and those big rolls around his middle, and he's even losin' the mounds of flabby stuff around his armpits. I mean, hell, what am I supposed to hang onto when I do my wheelies and stunts? Why do ya think they call 'em "love handles"?

Though some ol' ladies probably like guys lean with lotsa muscles, it don't do nothin' fer me. So if there's a sis out there who wants to trade in a real fat dude for Lester, write me in care of this mag. Remember, unless he's over 300 pounds, don't bother to write.

Wild Thing  
Wahoo, Nebr.

## Do It Right

I'm jus' writin' ta lodge a gripe against all those stupid feds who stop and frisk ya when all yer doin' is maybe a couple dozen miles over the limit. I got stopped th' other day by some lame squirrel with a badge and he frisked me up and down before givin' me his puny little ticket. Said he was lookin' for a weapon and we all know that's a laugh. I mean, I do have a terrific bod (46-35-46) but what I can't stand is a freeloader. I mean, if these cops think they can "cop" a feel for free, the least they can do is get me off in the process! I hadda slug the bastard for gettin' me all hot and bothered and then leavin' me high and dry, which is why my handwritin' ain't so good for this letter. (The lamester put me in cuff links, which *really* was a tease, don'tcha think?)  
(Can't read writing—Eds.)  
San Quentin, Calif.

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*You wanna make somethin' of it? You got somethin' to say about it? You got any objections? Oh yeah? Say it to my face! C'mon, chickenshit, say it to my face! Hey, FUCK YOU, you piece of shit! Go fuck yourself, you stinkin' piece of dogshit! I wouldn't fuck you even if I had a dick! C'mon, say it to my fuckin' face, you fuckin' piece of shit! Just send it to Wordmutha, Equalriders, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.* ■

## Gang Bang defense squads score big in U.S. high schools

They call it P.E., American-style, and it's gettin' more popular every month. Seems that the favorite male sport in big inner-city high schools these days is Gang Bangin', and in most neighborhoods it's played all year round. But what about the chicks? Sports are s'posed to be coed now! *Equalriders* talked to

sisses in a buncha big cities and found that girls' gym teachers have all got classes on how to prepare effective defenses against a varsity Gang Bangin' squad. "The first thing to remember," said Coach Bea Catgut of Cleveland's Grover Cleveland Grove Tech, "is that in Gang Bangin' the offensive team consists of

several players. Whereas the defensive team consists of only one player. In Gang Bangin', the girls is the Goalie. The objective of the offensive team is to get their puck into our net. And our objective is to keep that from happening." The basic defensive maneuvers in Gang Bangin' include screaming (one point), eye

poking (two points), tire-iron ramming (three points), and nutsack kicking (game). The Grover Cleveland Grove High Steppers did pretty good last year, the coach admitted, though unfortunately some of 'em got so carried away that they started defending themselves against the wrong team, such as the Innocent Passersby.

# Equalnews



"If it's of interest to women bikers, we'll print it.  
If it's of interest to men bikers, we'll sit on it."

## Fresno gang wastes shit-eating dude

It don't pay to hassle yer waitress, at least not if yer a dude and there are avenging angels around. That's the lesson learned—too late—by a truly stupid prick at a California diner last month, somewhere between Sacramento and Fresno, home of the notorious chick-biker gang, the Venus Flytraps. Seems the dude was tryin' so hard to make time with the waitress he ripped her fuckin' uniform off while she was carryin' a steamin' stack of chicken-fried steaks, and when the steaks

spilled on the dumb nutsack's dungarees, he chewed the waitress out somethin' fierce (and I don't mean down below) in front of everybody. Fortunately for the waitress, the Venus Flytraps happened to be brunchin' at the diner at that moment. For those of you chicks who've had yer heads in the can for the last year, the Flytraps are to waitresses what New York City's Guardian Angels are to Gotham's vulnerable subway riders. Says Flytrap honcha, Cheryl Dentata, "Me and the girls sorta took

care of the situation." And permanently. The dude, who was a lame-ass trucker to begin with and so probably didn't deserve to live, found himself literally hassled to death by the Flytraps, who rose to the defense of the hard-luck hash-slinger. "We just kept puttin' him down till, finally, he didn't come back up," says Dentata, who has a black belt in verbal abuse. Guess that'll teach 'em.

## Rubbers and helmets: they both suck

Doctors agree that brain buckets don't stop any biker from gettin' her head mushed. Well, now the slimy-fingered stethoscope squads have agreed on somethin' else: dick buckets—or "rubbers"—don't keep ya from gettin' knocked up. "Dick buckets are the brain buckets of the '80's," said champeen dirt biker and mother of 12, Carlotta "Skunksnot" Montoya. "More bikers wearin' lids get creamed than bikers with their hair in the wind. All the cops know it. And more chicks have 'accidents' when dudes wear lids than the ones who take matters into their own

hands." Carlotta is expected to appear before the Senate Health and Safety Committee this month to lobby against dick buckets. "Look at me, I got 12 rug rats, and each one was because some guy was wearin' a worn-out lid," she said. "But now I stay outta trouble entirely." Carlotta's secret? She and her ol' man set up a do-it-yerself vasectomy business in their Tucson home. "It's a simple procedure," she told *Equalriders*. "The dude comes in, we give him a few chugs of Jack Daniel's. Larry, my ol' man, holds him down, and I get my toenail clippers and start cuttin'."

## Chick bikers descend on the big "O"

An international organization of women's motorcycle clubs has been formed to fight for cycling as an Olympic sport, and to win recognition not only for cycle racing but also wheelite popping, tit flashing, and partying to the max as official Olympic events. Says spokeschick Angie "Pussyface" Johnson, "Dudes have had control over this shit for years. It's about time we showed 'em how hard we kin putt 'n' party." She even suggested that the Olympic torch lighting, traditionally done by a succession of international runners, be cycled up the stadium steps by a daredevil cycle bitch.

# A MAN IS A MAN BUT A DOG IS A BRO

Hell hath no fury like a sis whose righteous best friend has been turned into pothole filling.

Slow the fuck down," said Barry, the prick ridin' behind me. "That was Coors back there!" We had been cruisin' at 90 for a few hundred hours, headin' fer San Antone, and this dude was gettin' on my nerves. Me and the sisses are always wonderin' how come pricks can't just shut up and enjoy a ride, instead of yammerin' in yer ear like a fuckin' parakeet or some bull-ass TV talk show. I mean, it's bitchin' to have a prick ridin' behind ya, cookin' and maybe sewin' fer ya, satisfyin' yer needs and the like, but it always winds up the same when yer hair's in the wind: whatever shoots outta either end of a dude is 100 percent shit.

I tried smackin' the little nutbag with my new spiked wristbands. The gorgeous three-inch spikes drove some righteous little grooves in his jaw. But, fuck, it didn't stop the Montezuma's revenge his big mouth had a terrible case of. But I must tell ya, when he said "Coors!" I hadda sorta take notice. Coors was my dawg, my walkin' talkin' fleabag, my one true bro, though some of the sisses like to say he was nothin' more than a long-haired Mexican rat. I found ol' Coors back on a putt through Ensenada a few years back, and since then he always had first

position behind me on my sow, a juiced-up Harley 1200 RX40. Fact is, if any lame dude wanted to ride with me, he hadda sit *behind* Coors or get off on his own. I mean, this dawg had *heart*, even if he did piss all over my rucksack.

Anyhow, poor ol' Coors fell off the sow last week while I was jumpin' over a herd of slow-movin' cages on the interstate. I figured he'd turn up. But not like this.

"No, really, Claw. That was him! It was Coors!" Barry screeched. I slammed my ever-lovin' sow down from 90 to 0 in six seconds and ran back. Sure enough, the shit-lipped porker was right. It was Coors. But he wasn't more than half an inch high all around. So many cages had run over him that he looked like a truck-stop flapjack, just waitin' for the maple syrup, and a little frayed and hairy around the edges. That's cages for ya.

Cages. They're the source of all evil and I know it wasn't no chick that came up with the idea. It was Henry Ford, and if, like they *used* to say, "behind every great man there's a woman" (hah!), well, ol' lady Ford shoulda pushed Hank off the cliff.

Now, we all know the truth. It's that behind every great chick there's a *dude*, and in my case, unfor-

tunately, the dude was Barry, who'd been ridin' behind me (and, up till recently, Coors) since we left the Yucatan. Barry coughed up a hocker as him 'n' me stood lookin' down at poor Coors, who, in his present condition, woulda passed for a bag lady's Frisbee. After a while we buried him. Nothin' much. Just a shallow grave.

What I keep askin' myself is: Why couldn't it have been Barry? I mean, ya can find pricks anywhere. But a good dawg! Hey, I might never find one as righteous as Coors. And besides, I wouldn't let no *man* piss on my rucksack.

"Get the fuck off," I said to Barry as we putted off down the highway. I think it kinda hit him by surprise, 'cause we were doin' 65 and it was plain I had no intention of stoppin'.

"But, Claw!..." wheezed Barry, who, like all dudes, gets hard when anything dies, be it love or a dawg.

"You heard me, squirrel, buzz off! Me and the sisses have some business ta do!"

This time, the wrist spikes did the trick and Barry was off the bike. We left the mother-slapper boo-hoo-hoo-in' on the interstate shoulder. Me and some of the sisses were on the rag, and so we took a blood vow: to get the cages that *Continued on page 169*

BY CLAW

Flagstaff Ariz 463 mi  
Winona 350 mi  
Kingman 220 mi

Barstow 80 m  
San Bernardi



## POKE of the MONTH

Hi. My name is Keesta and I just love to show off my spare parts for all the yummy biker chicks in my hometown of Truth-or-Consequences, New Mexico. I betcha there are a lotta boys who think ridin' with a biker is too dangerous and I might get hurt, but I don't care, 'cause girls on bikes treat me rite. My mom was a biker dame, and even after she had her eighth stroke, she still made us kids strap her to the sissy bar and take off for the wild blue yonder. Yeah, Mom's hair is still in the wind. Too bad we can't find the rest of her. This one's fer you, Ma!

Keesta







Back in the saddle again—fer the first time. One thing Biker Debs know instinctively is how to treat a man. There's only one word for these dudes: grateful.



**Biker Deb Gang Bang:** These debs are cool as cucumbers, and speakin' of cukes, there's one goin' down on Angela now.



**Choppers for choppers.** The first thing a deb wants to know about a dude is if he's got all his teeth or what.



**Give a little, take a little.** Maybe this dude was gettin' too uppity. You can be sure Angela has her reasons for keepin' him in check. But look! He's still smilin'!

# BIKER DEBS

**T**his year's crop of hard-ridin' ingenues is really somethin' ta cream about—as you can observe fer yerself. They're photoed here with their lip-smackin' special hog dates at the annual *Equalriders* Debutante Ball at the beautiful De Palma Funeral Home in San Bernardino, California. Each of these Biker Debs is a blue-blooded motorcycle princess on her way to

becoming a motorcycle queen. To these sisses, bein' presented to Biker Society is the highlight of their lives. (Since most of 'em will probably make it to 35, that's really sayin' somethin'!) So, meet Spanky "Hammer" Buckingham, Carmelita "Gouge" Nostrum, Gaye "Iron Clam" Rowbotham, and Angela "Fingerfuck" Smeesma.

—Lockjaw

# GIT DOWN & GIT OFF Stuff for Fuckin' Like Crazy 'n' Not Havin' Kids

You know the routine. Send money, we send you what you ordered 'n' we usually get it right. Flip through this here mag & find our address, then get movin'.



**Chrome Rod Prod \$31.50**  
*Bringin' Out the Beast in Your Sleepin' Giant!* Did your dude pass out after too many brews, 'ludes, or killer weed? With this special "ass"-sistant, he doesn't even have to be awake to satisfy you. In fact, some of our most satisfied customers are dudes who wrote in to say, "Thanks, *Equalriders*—you made my job easier!"



**MaxiSeat \$93.50**  
*For the latest in long-ride comfort.* On the rag and on the road? Tired of those pit stops at gas-station rest rooms on those "heavy days"? This amazing breakthrough in scooter-seat technology is actually a giant maxi-pad, sprayed black to simulate genuine leather. MaxiSeat absorbs the heaviest flow and the worst road vibrations, too, for the smoothest ride of your life! In a wide variety of sizes.



**Ben-Wa Ball Bearings \$15.95**  
*The proof is in the puddin'—yours, that is!* Harley wimmen don't need a dude to get off.... Ancient Oriental wisdom meets Harley technology with these amazing hardened steel-and-chrome Ben-Wa Ball Bearings. ...They're all you'll ever need for the Long Ride—all the way home! (*Equalriders* cannot be held liable for accidents that may occur using Ben-Wa Ball Bearings while drivin' yer scooter.)



**Official Harley Douche Bag \$12.95**  
For a few measly bucks, this cap does three things for ya! **1.** Keeps ya feelin' like springtime on the road—after ya been seein' a lot of heavy action at a big round-up. **2.** Doubles as a radiator flusher—does the same thing for yer hog as it does for you! **3.** Makes a great wineskin for parties....Gross out the dudes and break up the chicks....Big fun for everyone!

With more and more of us puttin' off rug-rat raisin' for later, we want serious birth control—no more Coca-Cola douches and hasty withdrawal. *Equalriders* knows you, the involved cyclist, expect the finest. We've assembled this line of fine birth-control products that'll keep you safe and satisfied!



**Chrome-Plated Diaphragm \$9.95**  
Won't rust, so you can leave it in for weeks, months! Shown here is the maximum-size model with 3/8" end.



**IUD \$16.95**  
Special 3mm copper plating is stylish, features a replaceable element that works to trap and destroy sperm.



**Cervical Cap \$22.50**  
Here's the hot street-and-drag cam. Alloy-and-steel-billet beauty delivers power without affecting idle smoothness.



**Rubber \$4.50**  
Gain the benefits of better shifts into sloppy seconds and thirds with this reusable condom! Also your speedo drive will still work with this setup!

## THE ASSIFIEDS

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher, but we hate fuckin' dipshit words like "discretion" and you've seen the other shit we print, so don't worry about it, chicks. Send to *Equalriders*, Classified Department, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Have the same person who writes it out for ya count the words, too, and send us 30 cents for each one.

White Harley sis, down in Texas for a nickel's worth, doesn't want to correspond with anyone. Just send me your sexy pics to beat off with. Don't even tell me your name. Nasty Patty 98003, Susanville, CA.

It was dark, but you wore nipple rings and had hair all over your body. Could this be a clue? The Ugly Fat Guys M.C. and Bitches in Heat M.C. Biannual Mutual Gang-Rape Festival Round-up in Corvallis, Oreg. Anyway, congratulations—you're now the father of a new rug rat. Contact me and I'll send you a case of beer to celebrate. "Despicable" Donna, Box 45, Flatwood, KS.

Peg Leg Patsy, blue-eyed, blond-haired, one-legged, one-eyed outlaw cycle slut down for a few minutes and lookin' for a new unit, nine inches or longer. Box 231, Leavenworth, KS.

Dirty, Angel, Lizard—The lube job was righteous, but springin' the monkey on me in the dark was a bad joke. I was laughed out of the state. We're gonna kill you. Carmelita and Hideous Froddie.

Lookin' for a hunk who knows how to keep his mouth shut, the house clean, and jumps when I say jump. Age, face unimportant. Send me pix of your dix. Animal Anna 69728, Lubbock, TX.

Ratzo: I hope to God they never pull all the gravel out of your ass so that every time you sit down you'll know what it feels like to get boned from behind at 95 mph. I told you I didn't like it. Maybe next time you'll have more sense. Jodo "Dog Girl" Jankowicz.

Japanese dudes make great scooter dogs plus bitchin' mechanics and houseboys. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental dude. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, applications. Many Bruce Lee look-alikes. Japan International, Box 14141, San Pedro, CA.

Does he want to trade cigarettes for sex? Read "Stir Crazy: Why You Don't Want an Ex-Con for an Ol' Man," by Boopsie "Rachet Top" McAnn. Only \$12.95 from Cycle Slut Press, Box 123, Lake Charles, LA.

Do you think big ugly scars are a turn-on? Meanest chick in 10 states lookin' for a dude with fangs who likes to fight dirty. Face, age unimportant. Send pix of your scars, scabs, and lesions. Gnarly Nell, Dorm 3, State Farm, IL.

Martha "Maniac" Robbins: It really hurt when you left without a word. This is to tell ya and the world that you are my number-one love. I would be proud to ride behind you on your bike and feel the wind in my hair as we ride. I want to be yer one and only cycle dog. I'm sorry I made you so mad you beat me up. I'll try never to do it again. I'll learn to polish your scooter better, honey. Leave a message written on the pay-phone booth on the Fresno #3 off-ramp on I-5 or call Animal and leave word. Timmy.

Calling all cycle dogs: I'm a righteous, Harley-ridin' Texas chick, 32, 5'5, 110 lbs., brown-haired, blue-eyed, built like a brick shithouse, not a wimp, liar, lamester, or cheat. This good-lookin' long-legged cowgirl owns a big spread on 23,000 acres, with 110 horses, 8,000 head of prize-winnin' cattle. Lookin' for that special dude who's man enough to kill my husband and inherit the spoils with me. S. E. Ewing, Box 391, Southfork, TX 75221.

Attention, hikers of Oklahoma—I gave you all herpes. Sorry. Dirty Maria.

# Rat Pack

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)  
store, which faced the parking lot, so he could get to the fuse box. Mark and Shawn and I walked toward the arcade. Suddenly it seemed like a much longer walk from the entrance of the mall to the arcade.

We got to the door of the arcade. There was the usual assortment of video junkies hanging around out front, guys that *need* those quarters for games. One guy I recognized from school. "Zaxx-out," we called him. The teachers complained that he disrupted the classes all the time 'cause he thought he was playing Zaxxon. He'd make these motions with his hands in the air like he was controlling a joystick and pressing the buttons. He made all the noises too. I mean, other guys'd pretend they were Van Halen with guitars and stuff, but that was mostly during recess.

Some other guys were begging for quarters. "Just *one* game, come on!" they whined. We pushed 'em out of the way and they didn't do anything because we looked so *bad* in our suits and

shades. Mark had even lit a cigarette, but I made him put it out before we went inside. Sometimes he thinks he's like sixteen or something.

Inside it was the usual scene. Nobody even noticed when we walked in. They were all playing. The sound of the games was enough to make you deaf, especially the car-racing one, which always has lots of car-crash noises that are really neat.

Shawn and I hung around near the games next to the change booth and Mark stood in line to play Robotron. Guys weren't getting out of the way so he could play, like I thought they would because of our clothes. They were too wrapped up in the games. We looked cool anyway.

Then I noticed that the Korean guy in the booth was looking at us funny. I was just starting to have second thoughts when the lights went out.

It was totally dark. The only light came from the front door. That was just enough to see that chaos was breaking out. Guys were going berserk. I had to think fast. I climbed on Shawn's shoulders (at least I *thought* they were Shawn's) and jumped the screen, and landed on the inside counter in the booth. The Korean guy didn't know what to do. He was yelling in Korean,

real loud. I knew just where the money bag was, under the counter. I grabbed it, but just as I did, the Korean guy figured out he wasn't alone.

**T**HE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS flying through the air, over the top of the screen. Guess what. All these guys really *do* know karate and stuff. I still had the sack, though. I landed with a thud on top of someone, who yelled. From the dim light coming through the door, I could see I was about ten feet from freedom. I got up to run, but the bag was *real* heavy. I'd grabbed the quarters. Just then I heard Shawn say, "Is that you, man?" We both got the sack by opposite ends and started to run.

I was scared shitless. We got out the door. We were hauling ass. I couldn't believe the Korean guy wasn't coming after us, but we were running too fast to even look over our shoulders. Shawn was crying and muttering, "Fuck cunt shit Jesus titties goddamn oh God oh God oh God..." I was just trying to figure out why my arm hurt so much. We rounded the corner and made a run for the car.

Winona had the backseat door open and the engine running. She was smoking a cigarette. I couldn't *believe* it. We dived into the back and she covered us up with blankets and screeched away from the curb. I think she burnt rubber.

Jason was under the blankets too. He was real excited. He said, "How'd it go, you guys?" Shawn wouldn't stop cussing. "Shit fuck shit fuck shit fuck assholes..." My arm hurt like hell.

Winona said, "How much did you get, boys?"

We were still under the blanket. I unzipped the bag. It was one of those green ones like they have in banks. I looked inside. It wasn't quarters. It was all slugs, for playing the games. Quarter slugs. Shawn stopped cussing. He said, "Awright!!" I said, "Shit. Fuck. Shit." I wanted money. It was like opening up your biggest present at Christmas and finding out it was a dumb Monopoly game instead of a Moto-Cross bike.

"Stay down," said Winona. "Just tell me what my cut is."

"Two hundred chances to play Ms. Pac-Man!" said Jason.

She screeched the car to a halt. "WHAT!?!?" We poked our heads out from under the blanket. We were out in this deserted part of town where they were going to build a bunch of tract houses.

"It's, um, not money," I said. "Do you like video games?" I tried to smile.

"You mean I went through all of this just for some goddamn lousy fucking



"Granberry, you're about to suffer a near-death experience!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

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Anything  
can happen.



Cuervo  
Premium Tequila

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**S**OMEONE ONCE said that only by coming to grips with our past can we hope to understand our present. True or not, it's a catchy little phrase, and now, as Fritz Hollings's 1984 presidential-election victory draws near, it's interesting to reflect upon the history of the presidency in this country and, more particularly, on the history of presidential elections. With this in mind, I sent my cute blond research assistant over to the library to dig up a few fascinating facts about this stuff, since I don't know the first thing about American history. In fact, the only reason I'm doing this piece is because I thought it would be a whole lot easier than trying to write something from scratch for this issue.

Anyway, here are some of the things Linda Lee came up with:

► **FACT:** IN EVERY PRESIDENTIAL election since 1800, the taller of the two major-party candidates has prevailed, except in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln (6'4") defeated Zondar the Big (22'9").

► **FACT:** OUR HEAVIEST PRESIDENT was William Howard Taft, weighing in at 340 pounds on Inauguration Day. Our lightest president was Tiny Franklin Pierce, at a scant twenty-four ounces.

► **FACT:** PERHAPS THE MOST embarrassing incident in the history of presidential politics occurred in 1968, when the election had to be rerun after it was revealed that a majority of voters had mistakenly voted not in the real election but in Tony Hendra's parody, "Not the Presidential Election."

► **FACT:** THREE TIMES, IN 1800, 1876, and 1912, deadlocked presidential elections have been decided in the House of Representatives. Only

once, in 1928, has an election been decided in a House of Pancakes. Trivia fans will remember that, although Democrat Al Smith easily consumed more blueberry pancakes than his Republican opponent, Herbert Hoover, it was Hoover who was declared winner by default when Smith was unable to finish all the home fries on his plate.

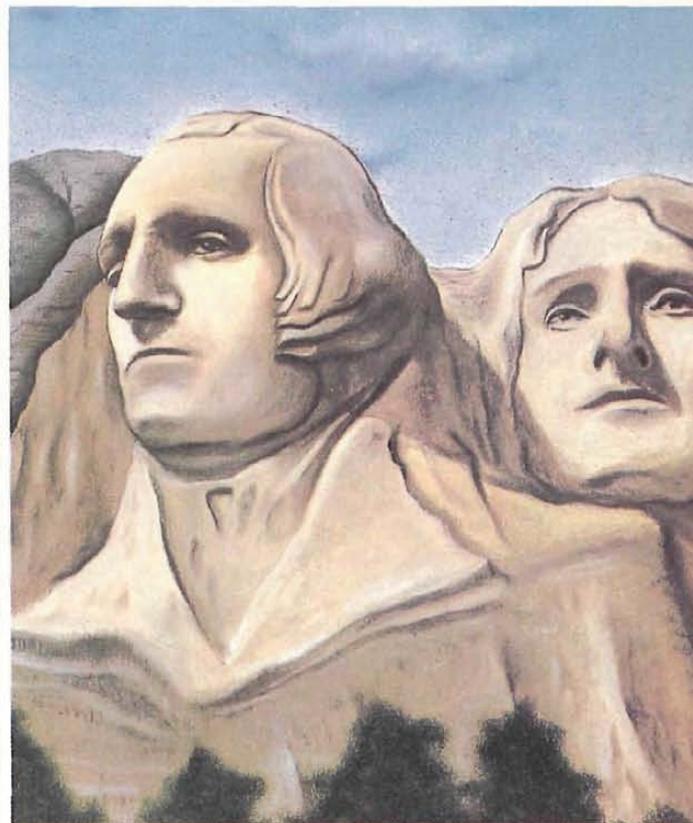
► **FACT:** NEVER IN HISTORY has one man been simultaneously both president of the United States and WBC heavyweight champ, but incredibly there is nothing in the Constitution to prohibit this.

► **FACT:** THOMAS JEFFERSON, author of the Declaration of Independence and our third president, and John Adams, our second president, were bitter rivals when they faced each other in the closely contested election of 1800, but in later years they became close friends. They died on the same day, July 4, 1826—the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the United States—and Adams's last words were reportedly "Jefferson still lives." Ironically, both men were total assholes.

► **FACT:** MORE VIRGINIANS—eight—have served in the Oval Office than citizens of any other state. James Drury, on the other hand, has never held political office and, in fact, his acting career has suffered a steady decline since the 1960s.

► **FACT:** ROOSEVELT'S "New Deal," LBJ's "Great Society," John F. Kennedy's "New Frontier": these evocative phrases remain alive in our language and consciousness long after the presidents who coined them are gone. But how many of us remember William Howard Taft's "Big Box of Fudge," Harding's "New Garden Hose," or Eisenhower's "Fresh Cup o' Coffee"?

# PRESIDENTIAL



Even if Zondar the Big had won the election of 1860

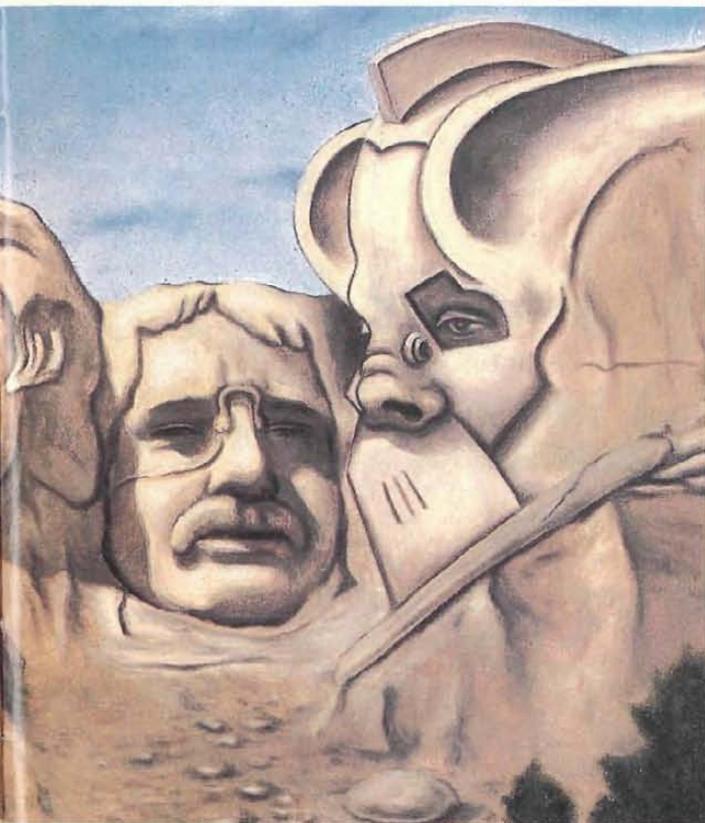
► **FACT:** PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN buttons were not introduced until the McKinley-Bryan election of 1896. Previously, a candidate's supporters expressed their sentiments by wearing "campaign collars"—huge iron rings bearing the candidate's name which fitted snugly around the neck. Also popular were colorfully painted "campaign rocks"—thirty-to-fifty-pound boulders that the faithful carried in their arms during the campaign.

► **FACT:** THE MODERN DEMOCRAT-REPUBLICAN rivalry goes back to shortly before the Civil War. Prior to that, the

political process in America was monopolized by a number of short-lived parties, most of which focused on just one or two issues. The Liberty Frog party, which came into prominence briefly in the 1820s, ran candidates on a platform that called for the annexation of France and the replacement of paper money with something called "bottle money," apparently made out of glass. The Mattocrats of the 1830s wished to outlaw the use of wheels and make owning cows a crime in the slave-holding states. The Limpet party swept to victory in 1848 with the battle cry "23 to 2 or sit down," a

# ESSENTIAL

T S



is doubtful that Mount Rushmore would look like this.

meaningless slogan that nonetheless generated great popular enthusiasm. The Anti-Bogblasters were enormously popular throughout the late 1840s and early 1850s, but they were fatally handicapped by a stubborn refusal to field candidates in any election.

► **FACT:** AN OVERWHELMING majority of American presidents have been avid sportsmen. Presidents Eisenhower and Ford, for instance, were noted for their love of the game of golf. President Benjamin Harrison, on the other hand, was noted for his love of the game of having sex with underage girls under

his desk in the Oval Office. Many First Ladies have also been sports enthusiasts. Mamie Eisenhower and Betty Ford occasionally joined their husbands on the links, while Mrs. Benjamin Harrison enjoyed beating her husband over the head with a baseball bat, only recently invented.

► **FACT:** RONALD REAGAN IS not our first actor-president. It is a little-known fact that Ulysses S. Grant supplemented his presidential salary with dinner-theater appearances during the latter part of his administration. He scored a critical as well as popular success as

Uncle Oliver in a Des Moines production of *The School for Scandal* in 1873, although his Richard III with the Hartford Shakespeare Company in 1876 is generally considered a low point in the history of American political acting.

► **FACT:** A VETERAN OF THE War of 1812, James Buchanan was the last of our presidents to be born before 1800. He retains the dual distinction of being the only Pennsylvanian and the only bachelor to serve in the Oval Office. He was also a raving homosexual who enjoyed cavorting around the White House late at night dressed as Marie Antoinette. Well, that last statement is only conjecture on my part, but I think you'll agree it makes a lot of sense.

► **FACT:** THE ELECTION OF 1848 was the first to be held simultaneously in all the states. In earlier elections, each state set its own election day, and even *within* some states there was a good deal of variance. The citizens of Knoxville, Tennessee, for example, did not vote in the Andrew Jackson-John Quincy Adams election of 1828 until 1962.

► **FACT:** DURING THE SO-called "Era of Good Feeling," in 1824, President James Monroe was unopposed for reelection, but new evidence suggests that this period was marked by a lot of behind-the-scenes bickering. Behind his back Monroe was referred to as "that noninterventionist *bitch*," and Congress apparently wasn't even unified enough to agree on a wall-paper scheme for its own chambers.

► **FACT:** IT IS WELL KNOWN that with Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase the infant United States gained an enormous piece of land stretching from the Mississippi River to the Rocky

Mountains. What is not so well known is that the French threw in various other items to sweeten the three-million-dollar deal, among them some thirty thousand cases of cheap French wine, half a carton of Gauloises, and a few badly scratched Jacques Brel albums.

► **FACT:** IN 1965 AN EAST TEXAS preacher gained a large local following after he declared that Lyndon Johnson was actually the Lord Jesus Christ returned to Earth to save mankind. His so-called visions were not discredited until 1980, when he announced to his largely Democratic congregation that it had been revealed to him that Ronald Reagan was *not* the devil incarnate.

► **FACT:** ZACHARY TAYLOR, our twelfth president, never voted and had absolutely no interest in politics. As a result, he apparently never learned that he had been elected president and didn't move to Washington. His utterances while in office, so far as they have been recorded, deal exclusively with farming matters and "the beneficial effects of strong spirits." He is considered by most historians one of our most successful chief executives.

► **FACT:** THREE U.S. PRESIDENTS—John Quincy Adams, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Benjamin Harrison—trailed their opponents in the popular vote but got elected anyway, because the electoral college "felt like it." One president—James K. Polk—was elected purely by accident because the members of the college were drunk and mixed his name up with the real winner's. In order to prevent the recurrence of such injustices, the electoral college in recent years has settled on a method of determining the winner that is fair to all candidates—a simple toss of the dice. ■

# Rat Pack

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66)

SLUGS!?" I didn't even know girls could swear like that. It was hot in the car and I suddenly noticed I couldn't move my arm.

I said, "Look, I'm sorry, okay? But listen, I think I broke my arm, so let's go, huh?"

She threw the blankets back over us and gunned the engine. The next thing I knew I heard a siren. She pulled over. Shawn and I were under the blankets, trying not to make any noise. Shawn was mouthing the words "Shit, fuck. Shit. Cunt. Titties. Asshole. Butts. Shit." We heard Winona say, "Why, officer, was I really going sixty? I'm so sorry. My license?" Shawn and me looked at each other. Jason wet his pants, I swear to God. "Why," she said, "you know, I was just on my way to a 3:30 appointment at the hairdresser over in that nice new mall, and all I brought was my change purse." Her voice sounded like Marshmallow Fluff, all sweet and goocyy. "I promise to be more careful," she said. "Thank you so much, officer."

We started going again. We drove and drove. Then we stopped. She said, "Okay, we're at your house. Get out and take your goddamn slugs with you. I have to get the car back. See if I pull any more heists with you."

We all got out. She pulled away like she was Cagney and Lacey or something. We got in the house, fast.

Shawn said, "I don't know what's wrong with her. She could play Donkey

Kong or Frogger or Dungeons and Dragons. Girls are supposed to like those games."

"Never mind that," I said. "We've got to get out of these clothes. I'll keep the slugs for now." Nobody even wanted to argue about that. We went upstairs and I put them under the bed, next to the box of *Playboys*.

Jason said, "Boy, that was fun. Wasn't that fun?!?" He smelled like pee. Shawn said, "Hey, you guys, next time you have a heist, or pull it, or whatever you do with it, count me out, okay? I gotta go home and baby-sit my little sister." He changed into his normal clothes and left. Jason said, "Where's Mark?" I fainted.

**T**HE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WOKE up in the hospital. My mom was crying. My dad was even there, and I usually only see him like once a month.

Jason had been at least smart enough to call my mom at work from the emergency list posted next to the phone on the Snoopy bulletin board. He told 'em I fell off some guy's skateboard. Maybe he wasn't so nerdy after all. Turned out I fell *real* hard and I had to have a pin put in my arm. I bruised some ribs, too. They said at the hospital they'd never seen a skateboard accident that bad before except for this kid who got totally creamed going down a freeway "on" ramp. My mom said she'd known all along that those things were lethal and I was lucky I hadn't broken my neck. My dad felt guilty for not being around, even though I told him it was okay. He got me a new Walkman. I still wasn't about to spill anything, though.

Mark was the first one to come visit.

He'd gotten left behind when we made our getaway. He filled me in on a lot of stuff. He'd hidden behind a Zaxxon and heard the whole thing. The kids went on a stampede, like a herd of wild cows or something. They pushed over some of the games. Meanwhile the Korean guy was going nuts. It turned out that the change booth had this electronic security system and when the electricity went off, it wouldn't lock. So he was afraid of leaving the money. He just had to stand there until everyone left, or stopped yelling. Mark said the guy called the cops, but he was so excited they couldn't understand him. I couldn't believe it. We were actually going to get away with it.

Shawn came to visit and he said he was scared someone might tell, so he didn't want his share of the slugs. That was easy for him to say. He had all those games on his home Atari anyway. So did Jason, and I guess some of that Sunday school stuff caught up with him, 'cause he said he didn't want them either. I was just beginning to try to decide if I should give back the slugs or get really good at Q-bert when Winona came to visit.

She came the morning before I was supposed to be released from the hospital. At first she looked like she felt real sorry for me. Then she got up real close and told me if I didn't give her a hundred dollars she'd tell *everything*. She was all dressed up again, too, and she looked real scary in those high heels. I said "A hundred dollars!! I don't have a hundred dollars!" She said, "Sell the slugs." I said, "We didn't even get a hundred dollars' worth!" She said, "That's my cut. I held up my end of the deal. You never could have done it without me. You would have wimped out at the last minute if it hadn't been for me." I could tell she'd seen a lot more movies than I had. She got me by the pajama top and pushed me up against the pillows, hard. She said, "You don't even know what a highball glass is!" She sounded disgusted. Then she did something *real* weird. She kissed me. Then she turned around and walked out, quick.

I had to sell the slugs at school at a loss—for fifteen cents apiece. Otherwise, kids asked too many questions. At that price, they just bought 'em up, fast. I kept 'em hid in my cast. I finally ended up making about sixty bucks. Winona took the other forty out of my allowance. I figure I'm gonna owe her for another couple of years. I know she sounds like she's real mean, but actually she's sort of okay. She's smart, anyway. She's been using the money to buy some new clothes, so she doesn't look so dorky anymore. I might let her kiss me again, if we live to be twelve. ■



# FOTO FUNNIES

I SMUGGLED IN EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BREAK OUT OF THIS PRISON.



EVERYTHING?

HERE'S YOUR HACKSAW FOR THE BARS.



THANKS.

HERE'S YOUR DRILL IF YOU'RE GOING THROUGH A WALL OR SOMETHING.



RIGHT.

HOW ABOUT A SHOVEL? IN CASE YOU HAVE TO DIG YOUR WAY OUT.



SURE.

BETTER TAKE THIS. JUST IN CASE.



OKAY.

JUST FOR LUCK, HERE'S THE TRADITIONAL CAKE WITH A FILE IN IT...



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

Sirs:

In the last couple of months I have noticed that your "writers"—who appear to have run out of funny ideas—have been stealing my jokes, injecting them with your magazine's obligatory *filth*, and passing them off as their own. For example, this joke appeared in a recent installment of Canadian Corner:

Q: What is yellow, wears a mask, and defends law and order?

A: The lone fucking banana.

This must stop at once, or legal action will be forthcoming.

Harold Glance  
Head Writer  
Dixie Riddle Cup Co.

Sirs:

Y'know, I've developed this ratings system, see, about girls. It's in inches, feet, or even miles, and it's all based on this one question: How far would you crawl on your hands and knees over rusty nails and broken glass just to masturbate in her shadow?

I don't use this scale too often, but when I do—whew! Watch out! I'm likely to become a bloody mess!

Phil Munster  
Cleft Springs, Pa.

Sirs:

Sometimes me and a bunch of me mates get together and remember how smelly you let us get some days. Not that we're going to do anything about it, you understand. I mean we're only socks. Yeah, that's it. Only socks, guv.

Sock in Leather Jacket  
Puffing Cigarette  
Your hamper

Sirs:

As a child, I used to twist the tops off of Oreo cookies and put the creme halves together so the filling would be twice as thick. But when I went shopping recently, I noticed that they had come out with "Double-Stuff" Oreos, with twice as much filling in them to begin with. I bought a package, never dreaming that the specter of my youth would return to haunt me.

I had eaten only a few cookies when, I guess by force of habit, I began unscrewing the double-size cookies to make "Quadruple-Stuff," "Sextuple-Stuff," and even "Octuple-Stuff" Oreos. As I polished off the package, I realized I was hooked—a creme addict. Soon, unable to live without my daily "filling fix," I was able to sandwich an entire package's worth of filling between just two cookie halves—eating it like corn on the cob. My wife

and kids left me. My friends begged me to get some therapy. I was a desperate man, stealing to feed my habit.

At last, I called Nabisco, going over the head of my local dealer. I explained my problem to this friendly secretary and asked how I could buy the stuff in bulk. She said, "Why bother? You can make your own with a can of Crisco and a half-pound bag of sugar."

I haven't touched an Oreo for three months now. My wife and children have returned to a completely reformed man. I only pray that my story will help some other "creme head" out there find the courage to quit. Now where did I put those Twinkies?...

Joey Blotto  
Wilmette, Ill.

Sirs:

They say an army fights on its stomach. This is especially true for us.

The Snail Army  
Crawling to victory

Sirs:

It really doesn't matter whether you're good or accept Christ or anything else. Everybody is allowed into heaven, because I'm God, and I say so. For example, as I look around my beautiful split-level home up here, there's Adolf Hitler playing with the Lindbergh baby. Over in the corner Jack the Ripper is watching TV next to Martin Luther King. And remarkably enough, Abraham Lincoln has become a drinking buddy of John Wilkes Booth. So there you are.

God  
Heaven

Sirs:

No, Charles Manson isn't on the loose again in Beverly Hills. That's just me getting every last fucking cent's worth out of my dopey primal scream room.

Dyan Cannon  
Praying the public will forget

Sirs:

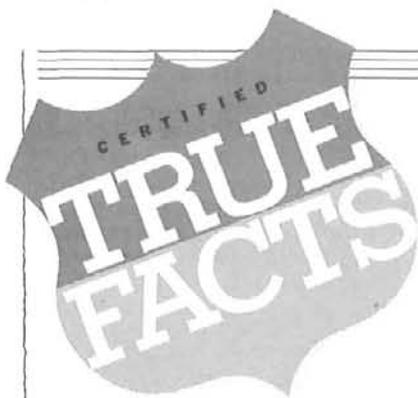
I was subtle this time. I went to the nasal-spray section of the drugstore. There I tied a thin elastic fiber to a molecule of nasal spray. The other end of the fiber I attached to the cap of the spray bottle. Then I left the store.

A week later I heard on the news that Tennessee Williams had died when the bottle cap lodged in his esophagus. This upset me. I certainly didn't mean to kill Tennessee Williams. I'd been trying for Arthur Miller.

The Tylenol Killer  
Available at your local pharmacy



"I hope you've been keeping your eye on the red king, Brotsky. Pick it and that raise is yours: fail and you're out on your ear."



**T**HE FOLLOWING CORRECTION appeared in the *San Diego Tribune*:

"In a story Saturday, the *Tribune* incorrectly reported that a guide dog owned by a blind seven-year-old boy was missing.

"The boy, Robert Maurice, son of Lila Maurice of Ramona, is not blind, and the dog, which does not belong to the boy and is not a guide dog, has been found." (contributed by Elizabeth Stein. Send your favorite corrections to True Facts. We'll pay ten dollars for each one used.)

AFTER THE SOVIETS SHOT DOWN ONE OF its 747 airliners, Korean Airlines quickly dropped a magazine advertisement touting its direct service to Korea from various American cities. "Our flights not only seem shorter," said the ad headline, "they are shorter." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Mark Baldwin)

EIGHT-HUNDRED-POUND JON MINNOCH recently died in a Seattle hospital, where he had lived on and off since 1978. When admitted to the hospital for the first time, Minnoch weighed 1,400 pounds. Firemen had to remove him from his home through a picture window on a four-by-eight-foot panel of reinforced plywood. Doctors got Minnoch's weight down to 476 pounds in 1979, but in 1981 he gained 200 pounds in seven days and was brought back to the hospital. Minnoch was laid to rest in a specially designed casket in two cemetery plots. *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (contributed by R. T. Palmer)

POLICE IN DES MOINES, IOWA, ARRESTED Gerald Harris, Jr., forty-three, for aggravated burglary. Harris allegedly forced his way into an apartment, confronted its occupants with a .22-caliber rifle, and demanded to use the bathroom. "People in this county won't even let you in to piss," he complained. After urinating, Harris left. *Des Moines Register* (contributed by Kirby Jewett)

CONVICTED KILLER CHARLES Rumbaugh, awaiting execution in an Amarillo, Texas, prison, was shot and wounded by a guard trying to prevent him from committing suicide. *Washington Post* (contributed by Tim Furgeson)

SOCCER AUTHORITIES IN THE AFRICAN nation of Swaziland announced that a \$450 fine would be imposed on anyone found guilty of using witchcraft on the playing field. Apparently, witch doctors often sprinkle "divine water" within the goal of the opposing team, and the supporters of that team then urinate in their opponents' goal to negate the charm. "It is very embarrassing to Swaziland," said one official. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

ALEXANDER POTEKIN, THE SOVIET consul in San Francisco, commented on a letter allegedly written by a Russian diplomat's sixteen-year-old son and mailed to the *New York Times* in which he requested political asylum. Speaking to luncheon guests, Potemkin said, "I knew that letter was big forgery, complete fake, when I came to part where it says, 'I'm afraid if my parents find out, they'll put me in Siberia.' Siberia beautiful part of Russia. Nice people. Best people in Siberia. So that part of letter make no sense. Suppose situation reversed. Suppose American kid in Moscow want to defect, so he writes to *Pravda* and says, 'If my parents find out I'm afraid they'll put me in California.' Right away you know fake, right? Siberia, California same thing. Both very beautiful." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by James J. Ferrigan)

BALTIMORE POLICE ARRESTED MICHAEL F. Tolson, thirty-one, for trespassing when they found him entertaining thirty-five people in a Chessie System railroad tunnel. Tolson, naked and painted in Day-Glo colors, was swinging a dead dog on a rope. Tolson said his display was part of a three-day convention of "The Church of the Subgenius." The church, he claimed, was not a cult but a legitimate entity in favor of "people getting more slack."

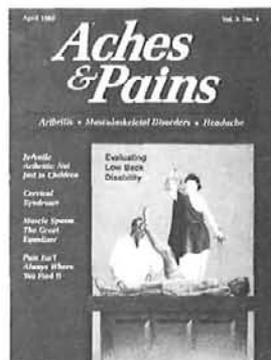
Tolson also admitted having used the railroad tunnel for other gatherings. "Last year I had a New Year's Eve party in the same tunnel," he said. *Baltimore Evening Sun* (contributed by Michael R. Shriver)

CHICAGO AREA BURGER KINGS changed their policy to allow non-customers in rest rooms after a reporter was accosted by security guards when she tried to use a Burger King ladies' room before ordering a meal. As reported in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, twenty-four-year-old Susy Schultz, her arms pinned behind her, was turned over to police and charged with disorderly conduct for violating Burger King's customers-only washroom policy.

"I guess you could call this the power of the press," said a Burger King spokesman of the policy change. "We made a goddamn mistake and we're sorry." *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Bill Rebel)

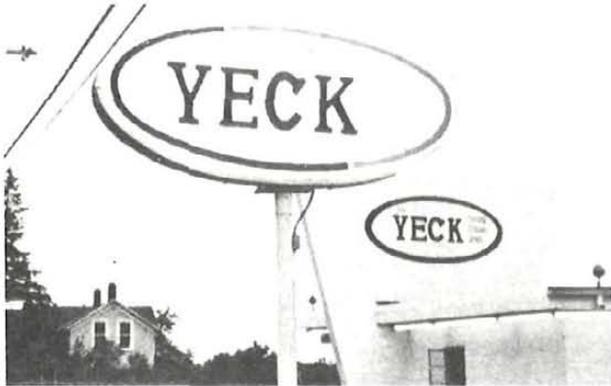
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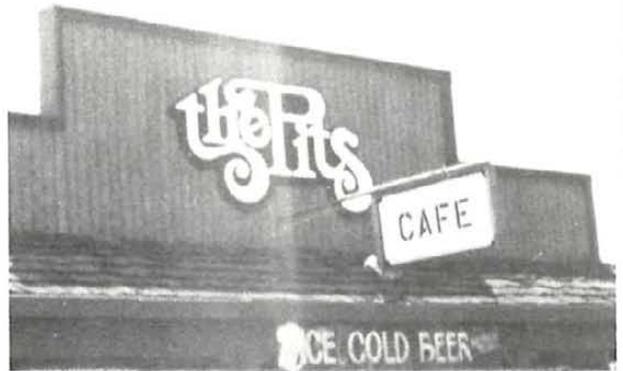


**Fur & Feces** was contributed by Suzanne Bertera. The contributors of **Turkey World** and **Aches & Pains** are unknown. Send your favorite publications to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll send you twenty dollars for each one we use.

**More Swell Places to Eat** Readers' Page



*Jim Vermeulen, Grosse Pointe, Mich.*



*Matt Regan, San Rafael, Calif.*



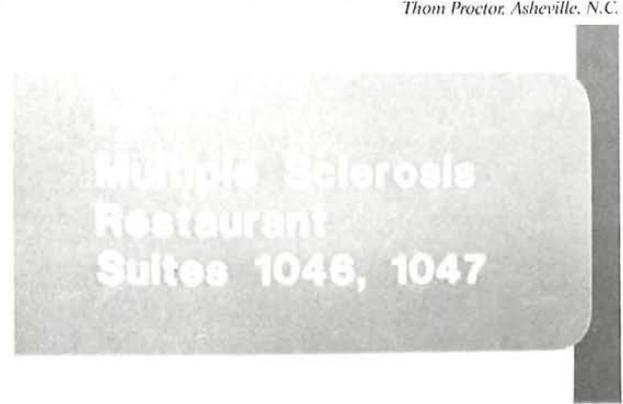
*Joseph A. Berlinger, Hamilton, N.Y.*



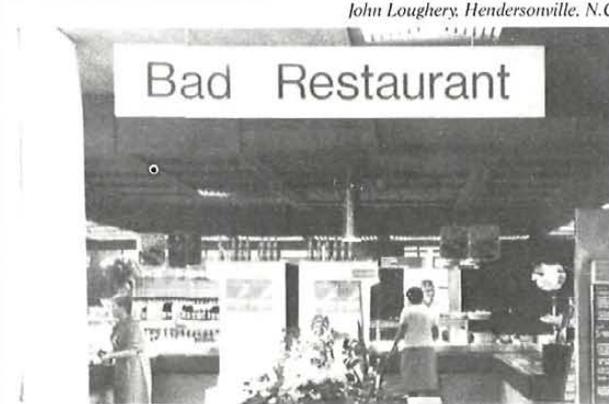
*Thom Proctor, Asheville, N.C.*



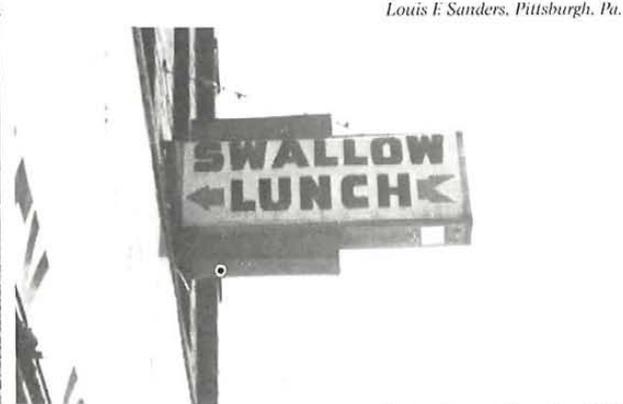
*John Loughery, Hendersonville, N.C.*



*Louis F. Sanders, Pittsburgh, Pa.*



*Peter J. Dolce, Atlanta, Ga.*



*Thomas Stover, Chesaning, Mich.*

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

Sirs:

If radio is the theater of the mind, why do Negroes shoot people for their radios? Have they taken so much angel dust they imagine their brains are theaters?

Peter Sinfield  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Remember me? I'm your post-office box. And right now, that P.O. stands for Pissed Off. You never call. I sit here, month after month, filling up with the pornographic trash you don't want delivered to your office, the past-due notices from creditors you don't want pestering you at home, and the dozens of checks and money orders from the pathetic suckers who fell for your shameless and, I might add, fraudulent get-rich-quick scam. So I wait, surrounded by cheap cards and vile, bulk-rate filth, longing for the company of even junk mail, until finally, "if I'm lucky," you saunter in and—with not so much as a word—violate my keyhole, thrust your hand inside me, and take all I have to give. What's the matter, baby, didn't you get enough at home? Ha! You say you love my zip, then shower *her* with catalogs and correspondence. Well, I've had it up to my window with you. You've not mail enough for the both of us, so I hope you're happy with her—the little *slot*.

P.O. Box 635  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

What ees all de fuss about, dahlink? Dere ver dees handicapped and amptee pipples too close to de stage. All I did vas ask de usher to have dem show me dere stubs.

Zsa Zsa Gabor  
Tact, Calif.

Sirs:

I know you have a way of making people say awful things about themselves when they write to you, and I hope you don't try anything like that with me. I mean, you'd like me to say I'm an asshole and a "c" word and it just won't work. What? You made me do it. Boy, am I sore. Really, stop it, fellas. Don't make me say things like, wow, I am like, totally dim, if you know what I mean. You did it again. You better watch it, mister. I'm gonna get real sore and stamp my foot and you don't want to see that. Ohh, I'm miffed.

Muffy Williams  
Georgetown, D.C.

Sirs:

Here's my all-time all-funny-name non-ballplayer, non-famous-people starting lineup: first base, Keinil Weighoven; second base, Washington Leibowitz; shortstop, Lugash Truhopper; third base, Gaston Phestille; left field, Newton Gublocks; center field, Glaucoma Ramone; right field, Gompers Dinwillis; catcher, Jack Lalanne (not the famous one); pitcher, Chester Whalesides; DH, Wastiker Schoop-erlitz.

Thank you.

Dick Schaap  
New York, N.Y.

P.S. I forgot to mention it, but these guys are also all dead from toxic plastic fumes and are all from North Carolina.

Sirs:

Have you ever seen a sixty-five-year-old man who was even close to seven feet tall? Neither have we. Frankly, it's beginning to worry us.

The NBA Players Association  
Slam Dunk, Pa.

Sirs:

I'll tell you what Santa's *really* like. For one thing, he's a pig. Sure, he's supposed to be plump and jolly, but the stuff *he* puts away would make Ozzy Osbourne retch. Candy canes, fruitcakes, cookies—he eats that shit all year round. About the only time he's jolly is when he's coked up; then he wanders around the North Pole singing made-up versions of "White Christmas." And he's always boozing it up with Rudolph, going off to bars and picking up loose women. But then he *knows* who's naughty and nice. I guess I don't have to tell you about his stocking fetish....

A Disgruntled Elf  
The North Pole

Sirs:

Naturally, I think we should avoid a war at all costs, but if we go to war let's do it with Canada or Australia, where they at least speak the language.

George Bush  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I am Joe, and I've just found out that my internal organs have been writing articles for the *Reader's Digest*. I want to let everyone know that my viscera really don't know what they're talking about, so don't believe everything you read. I mean, my pancreas is pretty sensible, but my colon is full of shit.

Joe  
Rotgut, Maine

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

# What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the thing that made Dr. Tetanus famous.



b) a rain of terror.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

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- YES NO 2. Do you brake for animals?
- YES NO 3. Are you lusting after your neighbor's fresh vegetable garden?
- YES NO 4. Have you discovered that preservatives won't preserve YOU?
- YES NO 5. Has your subscription to Meat Eaters Digest expired (and you haven't renewed it)?
- YES NO 6. Do you find that you have cravings for fresh fruits and vegetables rather than junk foods?
- YES NO 7. Do you find yourself clucking at the price of meat when you shop in a supermarket?
- YES NO 8. Do the recent reports of chemicals, pesticides and growth stimulants fed to livestock make you cringe?

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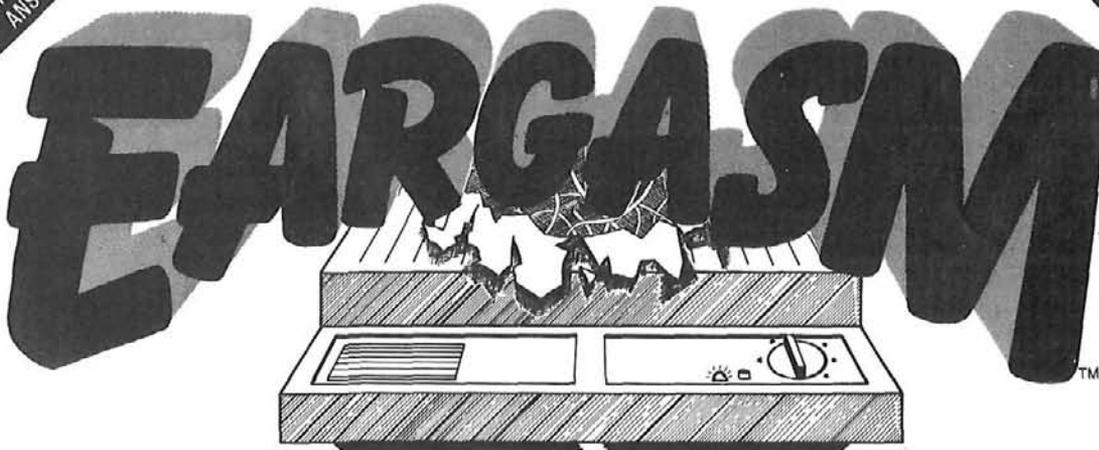
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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75)

Sirs:

The stapler is a long black snake;  
Its fangs are sharp and pointed;  
It bites through paper with a snap,  
And its back is double-jointed.

Henry Wadsworth Rolodex  
*The Office-Supply Poet*  
*Stanton's Stationers*  
*Columbus, Ohio*

Sirs:

Here is a poem I've been working on,  
"Ode to a Paper Clip":

How lovely is the paper clip,  
So shiny and resilient.  
Whoever made the darn thing up  
Was absolutely brilliant.

I know it's not as good as my stapler  
poem, but wait till you see my next one,  
"Sing a Song of Wite-Out."

Henry Wadsworth Rolodex  
*The same place*

Sirs:

Few people know this, but the board  
game Monopoly is being used quite  
successfully to diagnose mental illness.  
For instance, I once discovered a pa-  
tient was depressed when he was sent  
to jail and didn't pay the fine because  
"it's all useless anyway." I also learned

that a patient had a low self-image  
when he landed on my hotel and  
refused to pay since "the hotel is  
restricted."

Monopoly is particularly adept at  
discovering schizophrenics. One  
young man once said that the Chance  
cards were meant only for him, and  
another turned all my houses upside  
down because "they're staring at me."

Of the patients so far tested, I've  
noticed that paranoid schizophrenics  
are the worst players, followed by  
manic depressives (they trade er-  
ratically), depressives, and, finally, neu-  
rotics. The most difficult players are  
catatonics. It takes them years just to  
decide what piece they're going to be.

Dr. Penny Wise  
*Great Neck, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Don't you just hate those letters  
whose only purpose is to indulge in a  
few juvenile curses?

Jerkoff Shithead  
*Moosecock, Canada*

Sirs:

I have a confession to make. See, I'm  
one of those people who records for  
blind people. And since I get paid by  
the book, well, I've kind of cheated.  
Like, for *David Copperfield*, all I re-

corded was "I am born... I died." *Moby Dick* was "Call me Ishmael... Call me later." And *Love Story* was "What can you say about a twenty-five-year-old girl who died? Not a hell of a lot." I must have raked in two thousand bucks last week alone. Well, I sure feel a lot better now, getting that off my chest. I have to go now—I'm recording *War and Remembrance*; that should take me about thirty seconds.

Walter Benson  
*Tampa, Fla.*

Sirs:

I have uncovered a terrible scandal!  
The New Guinea Board of Tourism has  
just published its own guide to native  
cooking. This book is a work of plagia-  
rism! It's actually *Gray's Anatomy* with  
a different cover.

Thank you.

Proctor T. Nabisco  
*Battle Creek, Mich.*

Sirs:

I thought you would be interested in  
hearing about my latest invention. It is,  
of course, the Barry Manilow-headed  
luncheon-meat dispenser. This celeb-  
rity-headed ceramic dispenses your fa-  
vorite luncheon meat (typically salami,  
bologna, or olive loaf) while grinning  
eerily like pop-rock superstar Barry  
Manilow. The meats emerge through  
the hit vocalist's nostrils, and from  
there it's a short trip to bread and office  
or work space.

Abel Crane, Inventor  
*Irvine, Calif.*

Sirs:

Okay. We gave you the Beatles for  
Slim Whitman. Then we worked out  
that multiple trade, where you got the  
Who, the Animals, and the Rolling  
Stones in exchange for exclusive rights  
to Red Sovine. Well, we've wised up,  
and this time we won't be taken advan-  
tage of. We've got the next four mega-  
groups waiting in the wings, if you're  
willing to pay the price. Are you ready?  
We want the one you call Junior Sam-  
ples. You have one week to think it over.

The United Kingdom  
*Where all the progressive  
music comes from*

Sirs:

A contest entry blank recently com-  
manded me to "void where prohi-  
bited," so I peed on my boss's pants  
leg, socks, and shoes. The difference  
between a verb and an adjective can be  
so painfully tragic.

Uri Nation  
*Golden Falls, Mont.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)



"I'm sorry, madam. Those dolls are out of stock again. May I make a suggestion? Why don't you go home and fuck a cabbage and try to make one of your own?"

# FUNNY PAGES

## Zippy and the Stupidity Patrol

©1984 BILL GRIFFITH

ONE DAY, SHELF-LIFE & HIS SISTER, VIZEEN NURNEY, VISITED ZIPPY IN HIS HOTEL ROOM..



THE PATROL'S SWORN DUTY IS TO POINT OUT TO CERTAIN PEOPLE, IN DETAIL, HOW STUPID THEY ARE..



THEY'RE COLLEGE-EDUCATED, URBAN SOPHISTICATES WHO SIMPLY KNOW MORE THAN OTHER PEOPLE!



ZIPPY BECAME QUITE ADEPT AT ATTRACTING THOSE WITH SEVERE TASTE PROBLEMS..



THE TIRELESS TRIO WOULD OCCASIONALLY SLIP INTO THEATERS SHOWING SENSITIVE AUSTRALIAN FILMS..



ZIPPY WAS THE PERFECT "STOUGE" FOR S.L. & VIZEEN.. PEOPLE JUST OPENED UP TO HIM..



LATER, IN THE LOBBY, THE HAPPY VIEWERS WOULD BE MERCILESSLY CRITICIZED..



ONCE, ON THEIR WAY TO REPRIMAND AN ENTIRE CAR MECHANICS' CONVENTION, THEY STOPPED AT 3 MILE ISLAND.



NEXT, THEY SHOWED UP ON THE SET OF "JENNIFER SLEPT HERE" & HAD A FEW WORDS WITH ANN JILLIAN.



INTERNATIONAL IN ITS SCOPE, THE STUPIDITY PATROL VISITED W. GERMANY LAST DECEMBER..



BACK IN HOUSTON, THEY SETTLED A HEATED ARGUMENT OVER A FOOTBALL GAME..



AT A HEAVY METAL ROCK CONCERT, ZIPPY MADE SOME POINTED REMARKS TO THE LEAD SINGER BACKSTAGE.



MONTHLY TOURS OF CALIFORNIA PROVED NECESSARY TO COMBAT THAT STATE'S FAD PROFLIGATION..



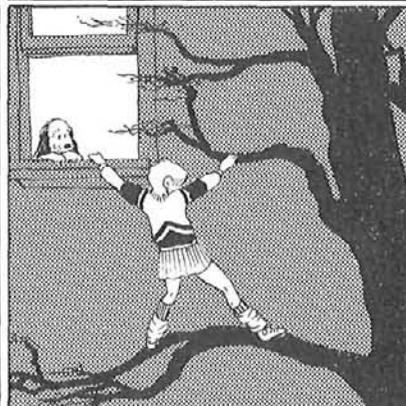
THESE DAYS, THEY'RE ON A LONG-DESERVED VACATION, AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE WORLD JUDGE-A-THON.



BUT WATCH OUT-- THEY MAY BE HEADING DOWN YOUR BLOCK AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT!!



# Trots and Bonnie



© 84 SHARY FLENNIKEN

# Politenessman

**POLITENESSMAN HAS BEEN LIVING ON THE ISLAND OF LAWNA-MOWA TEACHING THE NATIVE'S COURTESY, WHEN ONE DAY...**

**EXCUSE! OUR GOD, MAKADU-DU, VERY ANGRY!**

**WE BETTER GET OUR FAT BLACK BUTTS OUTA HERE, PLEASE. FLEE!**

**THE FLEEING TRIBE REACHES THE CROCODILE-INFESTED GOJUMPIN RIVER, WHERE THEY ENCOUNTER AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPEDITION LED BY DOCTOR DALE MEGAJUGGS.**

**REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, TRIBE, OR I WILL BE FORCED TO USE MY HANKIE OF TERRIBLE HARDNESS!**

**UHHH... LET'S SEE, WHEN MAN MEET WOMAN IN NARROW PLACE, HE LET HER PASS. HE STEP 'SIDE AND TURN 'WAY FROM HER SO NOT TO TOUCH HER BOOBS...**

**LIKE THIS... WHOOPS!**

**POLITENESSMAN! THE WHOLE TRIBE FOLLOWED THAT JOKER!**

**DOCTOR, AGAIN AND AGAIN I FIND THAT COURTESY IS CONTAGIOUS.**

*SMALL CAPS: LAWNA-MOWA SANTA CATALINA MORIA IGORFI*

*SMALL CAPS: 1 GROSS INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH BIAS*

*SMALL CAPS: HOW DO!*

*SMALL CAPS: WAFLES WOOH!*

*SMALL CAPS: THE CORPSE LOOKS REAL NEAT, HIS SUIT IS PRESSED.*

*SMALL CAPS: DEATH'S NO EXCUSE TO BE UNDERDRESSED!*

*SMALL CAPS: ROM BARRET © 1984*

# POPULAR PROBLEMS

**I THINK MR. BUCKLEY HAS RAISED A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION HERE. MR. SHULTZ, WOULD YOU RESPOND?**

**I'M SORRY, TED. COULD YOU REPEAT THE QUESTION?**

**I'M SORRY, I FORGOT WHAT IT WAS, TOO. BILL, WOULD YOU REPEAT YOUR QUESTION?**

**AH... YES... UH... IT WAS SOMETHING ABOUT... AH... AH...**

**OH, COME ON. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO REMEMBER OUR PRODUCER? SOMEONE IN THE CREW? DENNY?**

**BEATS US.**

**ME TOO.**

**ALL OVER AMERICA:**

**I WASN'T LISTENING.**

**I COMPLETELY MISSED IT.**

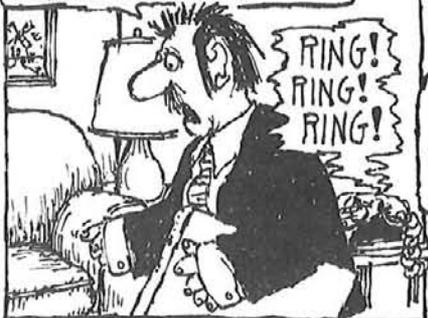
**I HAVE NO IDEA.**

# RAY and JOE • THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND...

IT'S ME, JOE, I BROUGHT HOME A MUSHROOM PIZZA FOR OUR—I MEAN, MY SUPPER...



...BOY, WHAT A DAY I HAD AT WORK. YOU KNOW THAT NEW GUY THEY HIRED — HEY, JOE, WHERE ARE YA? I LEFT YA IN THAT CHAIR THIS MORNIN'! I KNOW I DID! AND I —



RING!  
RING!  
RING!

HELLO?...



YOU THE GUY WHO HAD THE DEAD CORPSE LIVIN' WITH HIM?



HEY, WHO IS THIS? WHAT HAVE YOU —

JUST SHUT UP AND LISTEN! IF YOU EVER WANTA SEE YOUR DEAD PAL AGAIN, GET \$5000 IN SMALL BILLS AND PUT IT IN A PAPER BAG...

...BRING THE BAG TO THE BUS STATION—TAKE IT TO THE MEN'S ROOM—IN THE LAST STALL THERE'LL BE A GUY TAKIN' A CRAP. HAND HIM THE BAG OF

...IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THAT SON OF A BITCH... KIDNAPPIN' JOE LIKE THAT... IF HE HARMS JOE IN ANY WAY — I'LL KILL 'IM!



YOU'RE CRAZY! I AIN'T PAYIN' YOU NO \$5000 RANSOM—NEVER!



THE NEXT DAY...

**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**



U.P.S.! GOT A PACKAGE FOR YA. SIGN HERE.

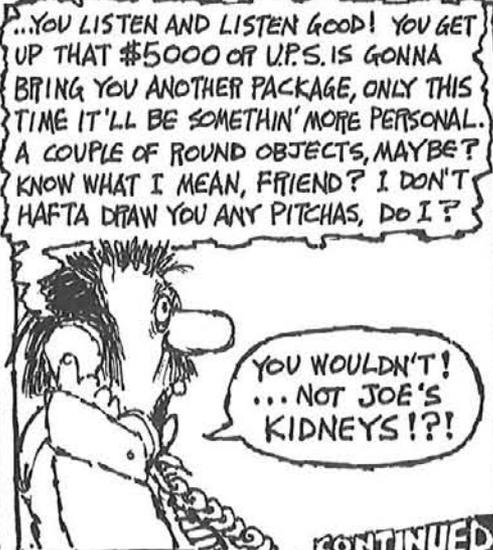


IT'S A NOSE!  
IT'S JOE'S NOSE!

RING!  
RING!  
RING!



DIDJA GET THE NOSE, SUCKA?



...YOU LISTEN AND LISTEN GOOD! YOU GET UP THAT \$5000 OF U.P.S. IS GONNA BRING YOU ANOTHER PACKAGE, ONLY THIS TIME IT'LL BE SOMETHIN' MORE PERSONAL. A COUPLE OF ROUND OBJECTS, MAYBE? KNOW WHAT I MEAN, FRIEND? I DON'T HAFTA DRAW YOU ANY PITCHAS, DO I?

YOU WOULDN'T!  
...NOT JOE'S KIDNEYS!?!

CONTINUED

Mimi Pond's  
**Famous Waitress**  
SCHOOL  
TODAY'S LESSON

MIMI POND © 1984

IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS, YOU'RE CALLED UPON TO BE MORE THAN A SIMPLE SERVANT.

CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE, MR. FLITSKY?

COFFEE, PLEASE— YOU KNOW, I JUST CAME BACK FROM A CONVENTION IN SALT LAKE CITY.

YOU HAVE TO BE A GOOD LISTENER.

OH, REALLY?

YEAH, THEY'VE GOT THIS MONUMENT TO THE SEA GULLS THERE. THE SEA GULLS SAVED THE EARLY UTAH SETTLERS' CROPS FROM A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

ATTENTIVE INTEREST IN YOUR CUSTOMERS CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR TIPS.

GEE, HOW ABOUT THAT.

BUT YOU KNOW, NOWHERE ON THAT MONUMENT DOES IT MENTION THAT THOSE WERE CALIFORNIA SEA GULLS THAT SAVED THOSE CROPS.

ONE THING YOU MUST REALIZE, HOWEVER, IS THAT ABOUT 86% OF THE TIME...

THAT'S FASCINATING... WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA GULLS.

WHAT?

... YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR WILL GO UNAPPRECIATED.

NEVER MIND. MORE COFFEE?

SURE.

**FUTURISM**

**RICK GEARY**  
© 1984

**THIS MONTH:**  
MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE

I SAY THERE'S MORE TO THIS OLD UNIVERSE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

SOME PLANET, FOR INSTANCE, BLINKS ON AND OFF LIKE THE BATHROOM LIGHT.

BUT THINGS ARE CRAZY ENOUGH RIGHT HERE AT HOME...

LIKE WHAT MAKES A MAN BUILD HIS HOUSE UPSIDE, DOWN?

WHY WOULD A WASHER KEEP REPEATING ITS RINSE CYCLE?

WHAT TIME IS IT, REALLY? WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?

WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?

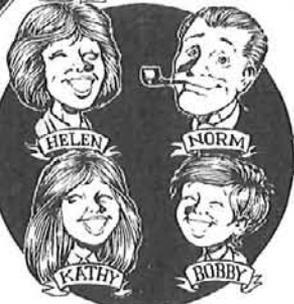
AND HOW ABOUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE LIVING IN PITTSBURGH, PA.?

IT ALMOST MAKES YOU HESITATE TO CLIMB YOUR OWN PORCH STEPS.



# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor

© 1984

IT'S PARTY TIME IN THE BACKYARD OF THE APPLETONS' HOME. BOBBY APPLETON'S FRIENDS HAVE COME TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY. MR. APPLETON IS GIVING UP HIS FREE SATURDAY AFTERNOON TO ACT AS MR. CLOWN FOR THE FESTIVITIES. OUR EPISODE BEGINS WITH THE SHRILL VOICES OF CHILDREN HAPPILY AT PLAY, WHEN...



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As of April the single copy price of *Heavy Metal* is going up, and subscription prices will be increased accordingly. You ask why, we'll tell you. Everything from the price of paper to the price we paid for the stolen typewriter on which this message was pecked out has gone through the ionosphere. Our expenses, like everyone else's, have doubled, tripled, and then some in the years since *Heavy Metal* rolled out its first page full of fantasy and mind-blowing entertainment.

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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78)

Sirs:

Colonel Qaddafi has been controlling Libya for about fifteen years now, and you'd think after all this time the poor guy would get a promotion. So how come he's still a colonel?

Maybe he's just not ambitious?

Dexter Pedlow  
Rat River, Pa.

Sirs:

We are publishing a new line this year of Marvel Nightowl Comics. They're like our regular stories, but Spider-Man has a few boners, and Thor owns a massage parlor. And when the Thing meets the Hulk on Castro Street, sparks will fly.

Stan Lee  
Livingston, Pa.

Sirs:

People ask me why I killed so many women. You see, I had an early childhood trauma. When I was a kid, I went to see the original *Planet of the Apes*. Just at the end of the movie, when Charlton Heston is riding along the beach, with all the music pounding and the surf roaring and the horse charging, this girl two rows behind me turns

to her friend and says, "And now he finds the Statue of Liberty."

And ever since...well, you know what I mean.

David Berkowitz  
Soon Playing at a  
Theater Near You

Sirs:

He can use his pipe as a propeller and fly through the air. He can defeat a battalion with a kick of his foot, or he can turn an alligator into a set of luggage with one punch. So why am I so unhappy? It's the goddamn spinach farts—they could wipe out a city.

Olive Oyl  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

If it rains at a funeral that's great, because that's the way it's supposed to be: God is mourning the dead and the world is crying. Besides, it always rains at movie funerals. If it's a beautiful day the day of the funeral that's okay, too: the passing of the deceased is marked by a lovely sunny day, a celebration of his life. But what if, on the day of the funeral, it's just a humdrum mediocre day? What does that mean? The deceased was boring? I mean, what if during the funeral it's just kinda cloudy with the sun peeking through a little

and it's kinda humid? Is that nice for the dead person? Come to think of it, what does it mean if it's a hundred degrees out? The dead person has gone to hell? And surely if it's freezing out, that can't be interpreted as very good either. What will happen when I'm dead? Dancing in the streets? I don't think that's very funny.

Andy Rooney  
CBS

Sirs:

My name is Robert Carloff, and I'm the president of the Carloff Pop-Up Book Company. We publish pop-up books for children and pop-up books for adults. We receive lots of pop-up manuscripts from would-be pop-up authors but usually we have to send them a pop-up rejection slip in the mail. Tours of our pop-up offices are welcome. Pop-up and see us some time.

Robert Carloff  
Pop-Up Book Company

Sirs:

I am a word processor. I'm getting very tired of untalented incompetents buying me and my friends because they think we will increase their creativity. We won't. What's worse, we'll laugh behind their backs after they turn us off for the night. And sometimes, just for fun, we'll eat a disk.

Lisa Kaypro  
Visical, Calif.

Sirs:

When you're at a party, goddamnit, you're supposed to have fun. That's what I told Randy, anyway, as I egged him into a beer-guzzling contest that sent him reeling against the walls. Later, after a dissertation on the benefits of social interaction, Kevin finally broke down and joined me for a couple of hits off my bong. "Think of it as a cultural experience," I explained. I get a lot of mileage out of that line. In fact, I used it to get Janis, my host's sixteen-year-old sister, to wolf down my schlanker in the backseat of my Trans Am.

Pierre Pressure  
Youngstown, Ohio

Kevin Akroyd  
Jockferish, Calif.

Some people say that overuse of the "gravily boots" can have funny effects on your brain, but I've been using them for six months solid, and I'm still 100 percent normal. What's all the fuss about?

Sirs:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)



"Miss Munn, I won't be taking any more calls today. I threw my phone out the window."

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87)

Sirs:

Shit, man, this is great here in the letters. We party all night long, sometimes with the ads, sometimes with the publisher's statement. Hell, last week we had a couple of features over here. Partied till dawn, man, partied till dawn.

Messed-Up Letter  
*Letters*

Sirs:

Here's the strategy: if you're single, get the girl drunk enough and she'll do anything you want, but don't get too drunk yourself or else you'll spoil it by vomiting. If you're married, you've still got to get her drunk to get any action, but it's okay if you get drunk too. In fact, it will probably help, particularly if she's had a couple of kids and her tits are sagging.

An Action Guy  
*Reno, Nev*

Sirs:

Please help me! I'm looking for a good home for a litter of six adorable kittens. Healthy and energetic, these multi-tentacled balls of fur are great with children. These lovable little rascals are strong enough to tear apart my new AMF bowling ball as if it were made of Styrofoam, and can communi-

cate telepathically. In fact, they've been reading my mind constantly since my wife gave birth to them three weeks ago! Why, at this very moment I can hear the mischievous little scamps romping and frolicking and gnawing their way through the steel door of the walk-in cooler I'm hiding in. They've been at it for about half an hour now, and they keep chiming at me in their telepathic voices, "Hey, Bertie! Your head looks just like an AMF bowling ball." So please hurry. This is a limited-time offer.

Bert Carlson  
*Greenwich, Conn.*

Sirs:

You should do something in your magazine about people like me who have famous names and all the embarrassing things that happen to us when we make reservations in restaurants or are called from the waiting room at the Midas Muffler shop. I think your readers would enjoy it.

Andrea Jones (you know, as  
in Spike and Rickie Lee)  
*Callison, Iowa*

Sirs:

Everybody got so excited over that recent America's Cup series that we here at ABC are developing a new series that is scheduled to premiere soon. It's called "Yacht!" The show will include a crusty captain, a drunken first

mate, the rich guy who owns the boat, some yacht groupies in skimpy bikinis, and assorted other characters. Now here's the twist: half of each show will be taken up by an actual yacht race. We're going to have helicopters shooting the race from different angles, Minicams for close-ups of the sailors' faces, slow-motion replays of tacking moves, and maybe we'll even set up a remote camera inside the mainsail or mizzenmast or whatever the hell it's called. We think we're really on to something, and we're sure the viewers will agree.

Programming Dept.  
*ABC-TV*

Sirs:

Do you know what gobbledygook is? It's that crap that gets all over gobbledics.

Fred Grapes  
*Chicago, Ill.*

Sirs:

I've got this job in a monster house. It's great. It's pitch-dark in there and I'm supposed to tap people on the shoulders and scream bloodcurdling screams as they ride through, and I do. I also steal wallets and handbags, fondle the ladies, and smack people in the head. It's almost like I've died and gone to heaven.

Jerry Gonzales  
*House of Spooks, Coney Island*

Sirs:

Q: What did the talking dog say when it was put in the refrigerator?

A: "Brrrrr, it's really cold in here. Let me out, will you!"

Thank you.

Daphne Mahoney  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sirs:

The other day I was sitting on the set of my new movie, *Smokey and the Cocktail Waitress from Hell*, and I looked around and said to myself, "This isn't fun anymore." The booze, the broads, the bucks—it just didn't mean anything to me now. So I hung up my rug and quit the flick.

After what seemed like almost an hour of contemplation, I realized that the empty feeling in my gut was because I don't have a child, a little babe of my own—and I never would because women don't mean anything to me anymore.

So I decided to have myself cloned. This way, I can have a kid, and really be able to relate to him.

Burt Reynolds  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)



"It all happened so fast.... I burst into my apartment, waved a gun in my face, and demanded money.... There was a struggle.... I fled.... I really didn't get a good look at myself."

Sirs:

What smokes as much as a potash-processing factory, talks faster than five drunk game-show panelists, laughs only at her own jokes, wears oversized Harris Tweeds to cover her hump, and styles her hair by insulting it till it curls up at the ends? I give up. Who?

Fran Lebowitz  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

How many members of the Impossible Missions Force does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Five. While Cinnamon creates a diversion by wearing a skimpy dress, I use a tiny narcotic dart to knock out the fascist dictator and remove his body. Rollin, wearing a plastic mask, masquerades as the dictator long enough for Barney to sneak up to the next floor, drill a hole down into the light fixture, remove the burned-out bulb, and replace it with a new super-high-wattage model of his own design. Meanwhile, Willie has driven up to the door in a laundry truck. Just before Rollin's real identity is revealed, we escape to the laundry truck, drive to the airfield, and return to the United States.

Jim Phelps  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Hi! We think orange pants are just great, and we'll be wearing them more than ever!

People Who Wear Orange Pants

Sirs:

Lesson #3 of our correspondence course, "How to Pick Up Flies of the Opposite Sex."

Scenario: You notice a seductive-looking female housefly munching contentedly on a steaming mass of fresh canine fecal matter. She seems to be ignoring you.

Technique: Approach her in a cool yet confident manner.

Opening line: "Pardon me, miss. But is this stool taken?"

Note: Astrologically oriented opening gambits are considered passé.

The Editors  
"Insectboy" magazine

Sirs:

I'm planning my film comeback and I figure that you and your readers, being my kind of people, should be the first to know. It's about a *ménage à trois*, filmed entirely in a Jacuzzi, and will be entitled *Three Groins in a Fountain*. See you there.

Russ Meyer  
Hollywood



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

SOME OF THE GENTLEMEN who make Jack Daniel's make some pretty good country music besides.

Come weekends, Leonard Grogan and son William do their pickin' at barbecues, square dances and Tennessee jamborees. During the week they help us make our whiskey. And they take equal pride in this line of work. You see, from what Mr. Leonard tells us, there are lots of boys who make good country music. But only a few who have the knack of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED  
DROP  
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Prop., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



# How Can Our Athletes Better Spend Their Time?

**Y**OU'VE SEEN THE HEADLINES, scanned the articles. "Royals Sentenced to Jail for Alleged Drug Use," "Raider Admits Coke Use, Tells Fans to Mind Own Business," "Entire NBA on Drugs, Openly Sneer at Fans, Rob Elderly Grandmother," "'Why I Shoot Up at Halftime,' by the Entire Notre Dame Offensive Line."

Millionaire boys will be millionaire boys, and with a little time to kill and a few bucks in his wallet, even the shyest third baseman can turn into a crazed, red-eyed, nostril-dripping drug fiend, bragging and cursing from bar to bar like an amphetamine-crazed Wandering Jew—or worse.

What is needed is not a lecture or jail cell, or even an old-fashioned whack on the jock. What is needed are better ways for athletes to spend their time and money. Which of the following do you think is the best?

## Outerwear Riot!



**NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN'** like somethin' from the oven, so we'll be sure to heat up this new *National Lampoon* Black Sox baseball jacket before sending it to the winner of this contest. This prize has it all—fabric, lining, snaps, sleeves—and will probably cause a windfall of entries heretofore undreamed of, at least by common houseplants.



**1** Financing a small ground war



**2** Giving their drugs to animals



**3** Starting the Teen Girl Cable Network



**4** Appearing in Broadway smashes



**5** Buying NL Communications and cleaning house



**6** Dribbling Alan Alda's head around town

THIS THING, THIS THING, I MEAN THIS whole athlete drug thing has gotten way out of line. I'm aware that I'm talking like some weird guy on the bus, but my selection is (circle one)

**1 2 3 4 5 6**

Send to: Sports "R" Us  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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**Memphis miracle man!**  
Willy Bearden of Memphis, Tennessee, can disturb both Elvis and the ancient Greeks coming from his new Casio PT-30 mini-keyboard. He knows what to feed Christopher Cross. Do you?

# JEEP® INTRODUCES LEANER AND MEANER 4-WHEEL DRIVE CHEROKEE.



From the engineering experts at Jeep, this is the newest advance in Jeep 4-wheel drive technology.

*The all-new Cherokee is leaner...* to give you the highest gas mileage ever in a Jeep. Mileage that beats Bronco II and S-10 Blazer.\*

*And Cherokee is meaner...* You get more ground clearance than S-10 Blazer and Bronco II. And more horsepower-per-pound than S-10 Blazer, too. This is Jeep ruggedness. Jeep power. Jeep agility.

Cherokee is built in a different way than its competitors. Jeep's Uni-frame Construction is a welding of the frame to the body shell

to create one solid rugged unit.

And our Quadra-Link Front Suspension combines a solid front axle with four locating arms and coil springs to give you a remarkable combination of ruggedness off-road and smoothness on-road.

There's more inside, too. Like shift-on-the-fly between 2- and 4-wheel drive. And seating for 5, not 4 like the competition. You get more cargo room. Plus, only Jeep gives you a choice of 2-door and 4-door availability.

## CHEROKEE

**24** EPA EST. MPG\* / **33** EST. HWY

**S-10 BLAZER 4X4**  
**23** EPA EST. MPG\* / **33** EST. HWY

**BRONCO II**  
**20** EPA EST. MPG\* / **30** EST. HWY

Jeep is a registered trademark of Jeep Corporation.  
\*Use EPA EST. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather, trip length. Actual highway and CA figures lower.

The all-new leaner, meaner Cherokee is at your Jeep dealer's now. Helping to make up what is the world's largest selection in 4-wheel drive.

|                               | ALL-NEW<br>CHEROKEE | S-10 BLAZER<br>4X4 | BRONCO II |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Wheelbase Length (In.)        | 101.4               | 100.5              | 94.0      |
| Ground Clearance (In.)        | 7.7                 | 6.6                | 6.5       |
| 2-Dr and 4-Dr Availability    | YES                 | NO                 | NO        |
| Cargo Room (Ft <sup>3</sup> ) | 71.2                | 67.2               | 64.9      |
| Seating Capacity              | 5                   | 4                  | 4         |
| Uniframe Construction         | YES                 | NO                 | NO        |
| Quadra-Link Front Suspension  | YES                 | NO                 | NO        |
| Payload (pounds)              | 1150                | 1000               | 726       |
| Selec-Trac 2WD/4WD Available  | YES                 | NO                 | NO        |



**WHEN IT COMES TO 4-WHEEL DRIVE...ONE WORD SAYS IT ALL.**

Worth paying the price for.

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REFINED  
**ECLIPSE**  
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ON THE ISLAND OF BARBADOS  
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The tougher the challenge, the sweeter the satisfaction... no matter what the cost. That's why sailing men go to incredible lengths to compete with the sea. Why all men who scale the heights — and know what it is to pay the price — have such an affinity for Mount Gay Rum, the one rum that has successfully met its challenge. Mount Gay is, indeed, the world's finest rum.